



WESTERN THRILLERS...BLAZING ACTION!



No 25
OCT.

THE HOODED HORSEMAN

10¢

Who is
**COWBOY
SAHIB?**

He's coming soon...
**NEW!
ASTOUNDING!
DIFFERENT!**





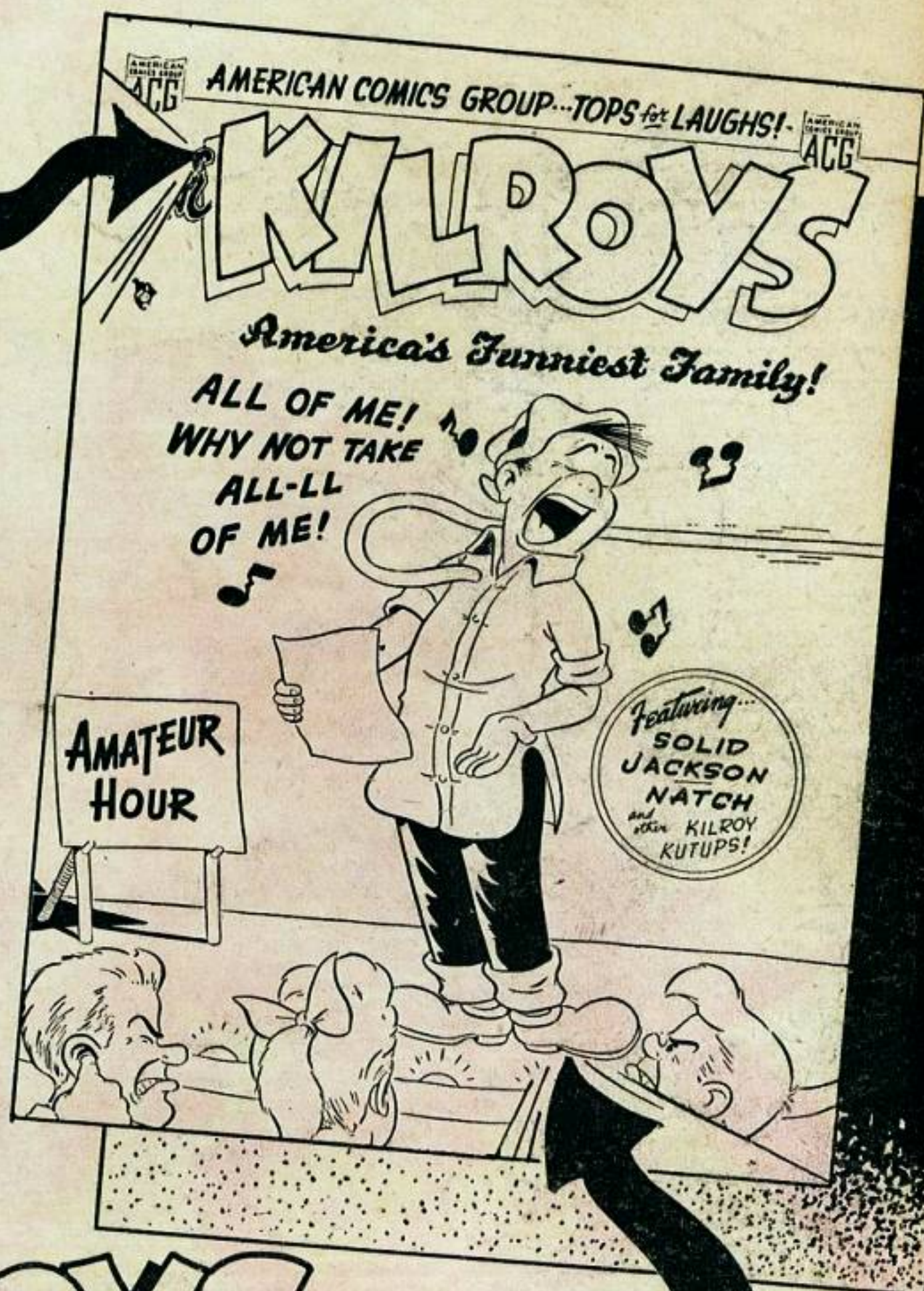
WEB COMIC
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KILROY *is* HERE!

IN A SENSATIONAL SMASH
COMICS MAGAZINE THAT'S
TURNED THE TOWN TOPSY-
TURVY!

The KILROYS

HOT OFF THE PRESS AND
A BOMBSHELL OF BELLY-
LAFFS... SO BUY YOUR
COPY NOW! LATCH ON TO
"NATCH", THE TERRIFIC TEEN-
AGER! MEET JUDY, HIS LITTLE
LOVIN' OVEN... JACKSON, THE
DOWNBEAT ATOM BOMB... AND
MOM AND POP KILROY, IN
PERSON!
THEY'RE ALL ON HAND FOR
GIGGLES! SO IF YOU WANT
TO SAY **KILROY WAS
HERE**, AND MEAN IT,



Read *The* KILROYS

America's Funniest Family!



ON ALL
STANDS

and

YOU'D BETTER
HURRY!

THE HOODED HORSEMAN

DROUGHT, CYCLONE, BLIZZARD, AND DESERT -- THESE WERE THE FORCES OF NATURE ARRAYED AGAINST THE HARDY PIONEERS WHO MADE POSSIBLE THE WINNING OF THE WEST! BUT MORE DEADLY THAN THESE WERE THE FORCES OF MAN -- THE MURDEROUS OUTLAWS AND SAVAGE INDIAN TRIBES WHO PREYED LIKE PRAIRIE WOLVES ON THE PEACEFUL SETTLERS! OF THE MANY WESTERN HEROES WHO THWARTED THEIR EVIL DESIGNS, MOST FABULOUS WAS THE MYSTERIOUS **HOODED HORSEMAN** -- WHOSE GRIM FURY WAS MATCHED BY HIS SHARP-FANGED CANINE PAL -- **FLASH!** HERE, READER, IS ONE OF THEIR **GREATEST ADVENTURES!**

ON THE GREAT PLAINS OF NEW MEXICO --

FLASH, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS O' THEM **SMOKE SIGNALS** WE'VE BEEN SEEIN' THE LAST COUPLE O' DAYS -- THEY LOOK MIGHTY LIKE **WAR SIGNALS** TUH ME! GUESS WE'D BETTER GIT **MOVIN'**, PARDNER -- 'CAUSE SURE AS SHOOTIN' THAR'S A HEAP O' TROUBLE BREWIN' **SOMEWHAR** IN THESE HILLS!



WAIT UP! THAR'S QUITE A HASSEL GOIN' ON RIGHT **NOW** OVER YONDER WHAR THAT BIG CLOUD O' DUST IS RAISIN'! COME ON -- WE'RE TAKIN' A LOOK-SEE!



FROM THE CREST OF A NEARBY HILL --

JEST AS I FIGGERED --
AN INJUN WAR PARTY!
WE'D BETTER GIT DOWN
THAR AN' **HELP THEM**
WHITE FOLKS
PRONTO!

YUH AIN'T
A-GOIN'
NOWHAR,
STRANGER--
'CEPT TUH
YORE
REWARD!

BUT WITH THE LIGHTNING DRAW THAT
HAD BECOME LEGENDARY IN THE OLD WEST--

YUH MISERABLE COYOTES!
THEM WHITE FOLKS IS GITTIN'
MASSACREED -- AN' **BUD**
FRASER'S THE MAN TUH
LEND A HAND, JEST AS SOON
AS HE TAKES CARE O'
YORE GUNS!

HE--HE'S SHOT
'EM OUTA
OUR HANDS!

GRRR!

BANG!

BANG!

PING!

PING!

WE'D BETTER **VAMOOSE!**
HE'S A TWO-GUN
FOOL!

GIT BACK HERE,
FLASH! WE GOT
A MORE
IMPORTANT
RUCKUS TUH
TEND TUH
BELOW!

GE-RRR!

THEM INJUNS IS REGROUPIN' FER ANOTHER
ASSAULT! THAT WAGON TRAIN DON'T STAND
A CHANCE, 'CAUSE EVEN **MY TWO GUNS** CAIN'T
SWING THE ODDS -- UNLESS --- I GOT AN **IDEE!**

THE BRAVES ARE READY TUH
CHARGE -- AN' THIS BOULDER
AIN'T BUDGIN'! JUST ONE MORE
TRY... **GOT**
TUH!

THEN, WITH THE STRENGTH
BORN OF DESPERATION --

YAHOO!
THAR SHE
GOES!

EEEYAH!

CRASH!

YAAGH!

AS THE REMNANTS OF THE WAR PARTY TRIES FRANTICALLY TO ORGANIZE — **BUD FRASER SWINGS INTO ACTION!**

RECKON I DON'T NEED NO HELP FER THIS HASSEL, FLASH — BUT LOOK AT THEM PIONEERS COME RIDIN' TUH GET IN **THEIR** LICKS!

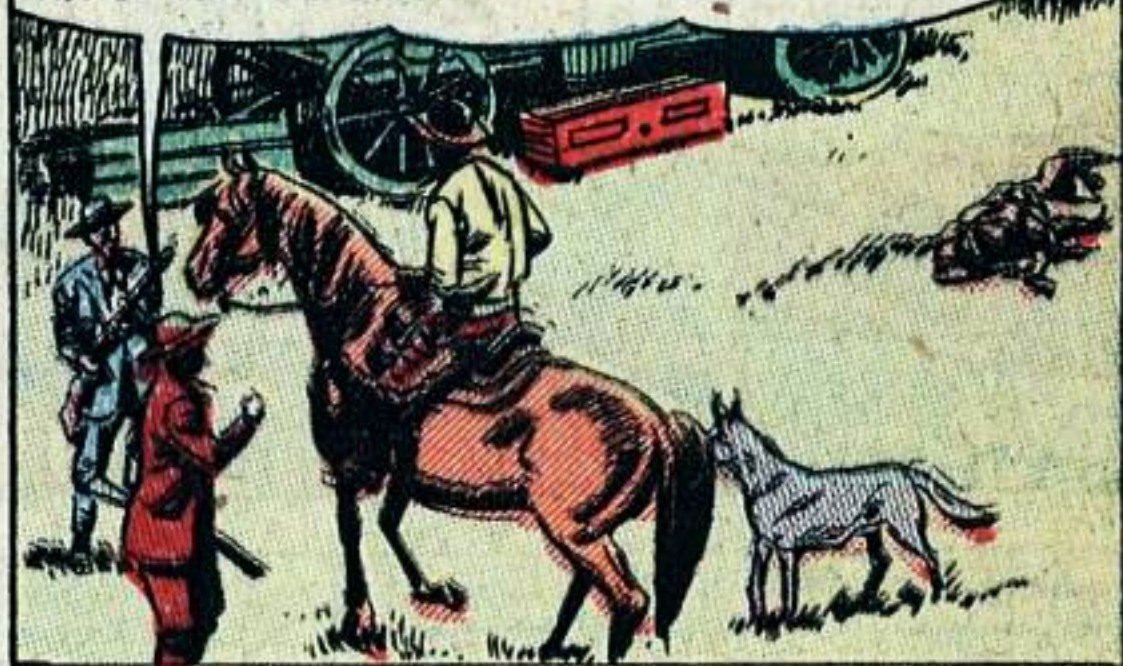
BANG! BANG!

AGGH!



AFTER A COMPLETE ROUT --

GOD BLESS YUH, STRANGER -- THEM REDSKINS'D BE WEARIN' OUR SCALPS IF **YOU** HADN'T COME ALONG! BUT THAR'S NO USE TRYIN' TUH GO ON TUH CALIFORNY NOW. 'CAUSE THEY'VE BURNED HALF OUR WAGONS AN' SUPPLIES, AN' WE DON'T HAVE THE MONEY FER NEW ONES! RECKON WE'LL HAVE TUH GO BACK TUH THE LAST TOWN!



SUDDENLY, AS ONE OF "DEAD" BRAVES BEARS--

PALEFACE--YOU DIE!

LOOK OUT THAR, STRANGER!



THEN, AS FLASH RESPONDS INSTINCTIVELY TO HIS MASTER'S DANGER --

AAGH!

LOOK OUT, FLASH--I'LL GIT'IM!

WHAM!



GIT UP, OLD PAL-- YUH **GOT** TUH GIT UP! WE BEEN PARDNERS A LONG TIME, FLASH-- I WOULDN'T KNOW WHUT TO DO WITHOUT YUH! C'MON, BOY!

WE BETTER GIT THE DOG TO A VET BACK IN TOWN!



YUH'LL HAVE TUH FERGIVE ME, FLASH -- BUT I **GOT** TUH FOLLER THEM WHITE MEN THAT JUMPED US! SOON AS THE DOC FIXES YUH UP, YOU COME HIGH-TAILIN' IT BACK TUH ME! I KNOW YUH'LL KNOW WHERE TUH FIND ME!



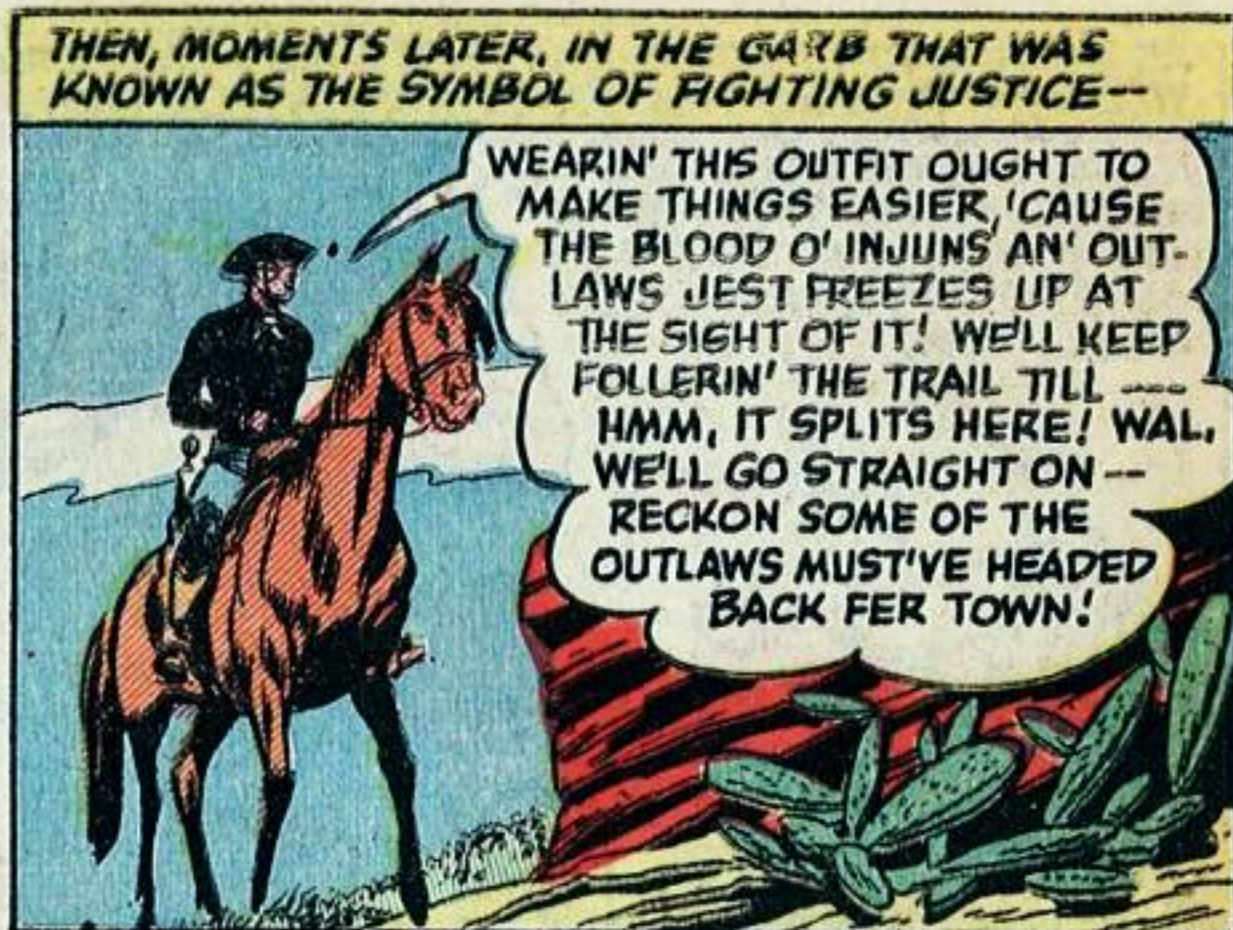
SO LONG, FOLKS-- TAKE GOOD CARE O' FLASH!

YUH KIN **DEPEND** ON IT, PARDNER! AN' GOOD LUCK!





WONDER WHY THEM WHITE POLECATS JUMPED ME WHEN I TRIED TO HELP THE WAGON TRAIN--AN' HOW COME THEM REDSKINS WUZ USIN' THE **NEW WINCHESTER RIFLES?** LOOKS MIGHTY STRANGE TUH ME, AS IF THEM SIDEWINDERS WUZ IN CAHOOTS WITH THE INJUNS--AN' **THAT LOOKS LIKE A JOB FER THE HOODED HORSEMAN!**



THEN, MOMENTS LATER, IN THE GARB THAT WAS KNOWN AS THE SYMBOL OF FIGHTING JUSTICE--

WEARIN' THIS OUTFIT OUGHT TO MAKE THINGS EASIER, 'CAUSE THE BLOOD O' INJUNS AN' OUT-LAWS JEST FREEZES UP AT THE SIGHT OF IT! WE'LL KEEP FOLLERIN' THE TRAIL TILL -- HMM, IT SPLITS HERE! WAL, WE'LL GO STRAIGHT ON-- RECKON SOME OF THE OUTLAWS MUST'VE HEADED BACK FER TOWN!



AFTER A LONG, HARD RIDE--

JUMPIN' JIMSON, **THAR** IT IS-- AT LEAST **FIVE THOUSAND** INJUNS IN FULL WAR PAINT! AN' THAR'S THE CHIEF PALAVERIN' WITH **WHITE MEN!** I CAIN'T JUST GO BUSTIN' IN -- BUT I SURE AIM TUH SNOOP AROUND SOME! I'LL LEAVE MUH HORSE IN A GULLEY --



THEN, STEALTHY AS A MOUNTAIN LION STALKING ITS PREY--

SO FAR, SO GOOD! I AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' IN NONE OF THEM OTHER TEEPEES, BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE A BIG ONE!



I'LL BE **HORNSWOGGLED!** THAR'S ENOUGH POWDER AND GUNS HERE TUH SET THE WHOLE TERRITORY BLAZIN'! I'D BETTER... **UGH!**

WHAM!



THEN, AS THE DAZED HORSEMAN IS DRAGGED FORWARD --

JUMPIN' **PRAIRIE DOGS**-- THEM INJUNS CAPTURED THE **HOODED HORSEMAN!** WAL, HIS LEAD-SLINGIN' DAYS ARE OVER -- 'CAUSE I'M MAKIN' HIM **BUZZARD-BAIT** PRONTO!

HOLD, PALEFACE! THIS PRISONER IS **OURS**--AND HE MUST DIE **OUR WAY!**



SHORE, CHIEF--IF THAT'S THE WAY YUH WANT IT! BUT I'VE ALWAYS HAD A HANKERIN TUH KNOW WHO THE HORSEMAN **REALLY WAS**, AN HERE'S MUH CHANCE TUH FIND OUT!

WAL, I'LL BE -- THAT'S THE SAME **BUZZARD** WHO JUMPED US THIS MORNIN' AN DROVE OFF THE INJUN ATTACK!

TAKE YOUR GOLD AND GO, WHITE MEN--AND LEAVE **THIS** PALEFACE TO **US**! HE HAS KILLED MANY BRAVES, AND MUST **SUFFER**! TONIGHT, WHEN THE COUNCIL FIRES ARE BRIGHT--HE WILL **DIE**!



THEN, WITH A SUDDEN EFFORT OF HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES--

'FORE I GO, I'LL TAKE SOME O' YUH CRITTERS **WITH** ME!

GIT 'IM 'FORE HE BUSTS LOOSE!



OH-HH!

WAM!



THAT WAREN'T SMART, HORSE-MAN! YUH GOT THE CHIEF **MAD**, AN' 'FORE HE'S THROUGH, YUH'LL BE **BEGGIN'** HIM TUH PUT A BULLET THROUGH YORE HEAD! BUT, HERE'S SOMETHIN' FER YUH TO REMEMBER **ME** BY!

SOK!



THANKS FER THE GOLD, CHIEF! ME AND THE BOYS'LL BE HOLIN' UP ON **DEAD MAN'S MESA**, BUT WE'LL KEEP SENDING THE GUNS THROUGH TO YUH! AN' BE SURE TUH TAKE **GOOD** CARE O' THE **HOODED HORSEMAN**!

SHORE LOOKS BAD FER ME! IF ONLY I HAD **FLASH** WITH ME--THEY'D BE SINGIN' ANOTHER TUNE!



MEANWHILE, AS THE WAGON TRAIN ENTERS THE FRONTIER TOWN OF CYCLONE CORNERS--

WE BETTER GIT THE HOUND TO A VET PRONTO!

STRETCH, **LOOK!** THAT'S THE CRITTUR THAT WAS WITH FRASER WHEN HE JUMPED US THIS MORNIN'! I GOT A LITTLE SCORE TUH SETTLE WITH **HIM**-- I STILL GOT HIS TEETH MARKS IN MUH ARM!



MOMENTS LATER, IN THE VET'S OFFICE--

JUST A BAD WHACK ON THE HEAD-- BUT IT'LL TAKE A LOT MORE'N **THAT** TUH CRIPPLE **THIS** POOCH! HE'LL BE OKAY AFTER SOME REST!

SHORE GLAD TUH HEAR THAT, DOC-- HIS MASTER SAVED OUR LIVES THIS MORNIN'!

WUF! WUF!



HOURS LATER--

NOW HOLD ON, BOY! I KNOW YUH WANT TUH GIT BACK TUH YORE MASTER, BUT YUH AIN'T STRONG ENOUGH YET! I'M LOCKIN' YUH UP FER THE NIGHT, SO YUH'LL BE YORE-SELF IN THE MORNIN'!



BUT THERE CAN BE NO REST FOR FLASH--FOR SOMETHING DEEP WITHIN TELLS HIM THAT HIS MASTER IS IN DANGER!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE--

HERE'S MUH CHANCE TUH PUT A BULLET THROUGH THE CRITTUR'S HEAD--JEST AS SOON AS I OPEN THIS WINDOW!



BUT NO SOONER HAD THE OUTLAW OPENED THE WINDOW THAN--

WHAT THE...

GRR-ROW!

BANG!



BUT FLASH HAD NO TIME TO DISPOSE OF THE OUTLAW--FOR DUTY CAME FIRST--HIS DUTY TO--THE HOODED HORSEMAN!

I'LL GIT YUH YET!



FLYING LIKE A TORNADO, FLASH'S UNERRING SCENT CARRIED HIM DIRECTLY TO THE RIM ABOVE THE INDIAN VILLAGE! THERE, BORNE FAINTLY ON THE NIGHT WIND, CAME THE UNMISTAKABLE SIGNS OF HIS MASTER'S PRESENCE--AND THE URGENT CALL FOR--
RESCUE!



MEANWHILE-- GUESS IT'S ALL OVER FER ME NOW! THEM REDSKINS'LL BE COMIN' FER ME SOON! I'M ONLY SORRY I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TUH--SEE FLASH JEST ONCE MORE BEFORE I GO!



BUT EVEN THEN-- THE DAUNTLESS DOG MOVED CLOSER!

YIP!
KI-YI!

BOOM!
BOOM!

AS THE MOMENT APPROACHED FOR THE SACRIFICIAL VICTIM TO BE LED FORWARD --

ALWAYS FIGGERED I'D GO DOWN FIGHTIN' WHEN THE TIME CAME, BUT I RECKON IT AIN'T IN THE CARDS! SO I'LL -- WHAT THE--!

FLASH!

WUF!

EASY NOW, BOY -- YUH'LL BITE THROUGH THEM THONGS IN A JIFFY! GOOD THING THEM REDSKINS LEFT MUH SIDEARMS NEARBY -- I'M GOING TUH NEED 'EM!

MOMENTS LATER -- THIS IS A BETTER WAY TUH GET RID O' THEM INJUNS! I'M SETTIN' A FIVE MINUTE FUSE TUH GIVE US ENOUGH TIME TUH GET AWAY! THEN I'M HEADIN' FOR THOSE OUTLAWS ON DEAD MAN'S MESA -- THE ONLY MEN WHO'VE EVER SEEN THE FACE OF THE HOODED HORSEMAN!

THEN, CREEPING OUT OF THE VILLAGE WITH THE STEALTH OF INDIAN FIGHTERS --

THAT FUSE OUGHT TUH BE GOIN' OFF ANY SECOND NOW, PARD -- AN' I WANT TUH -- OH-OH, THAR SHE GOES!

BOOM!

AND IN THE VILLAGE ITSELF, AS THE MAIN CACHE OF AMMO EXPLODES --

BARROOM!

AAGH!

SOON AFTER DAWN -- DON'T RECKON WE KIN SURPRISE THEM

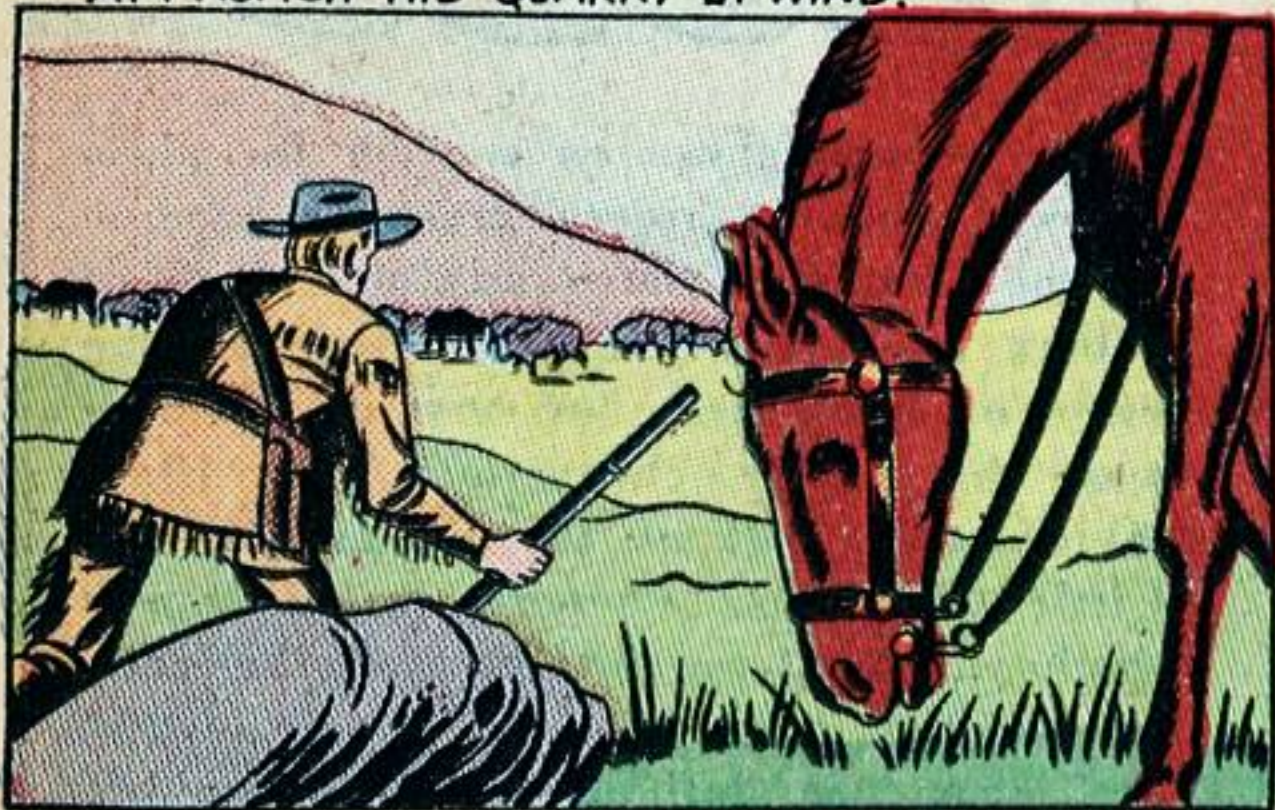
COYOTES! THEY'RE SURE TUH HAVE A LOOKOUT-- JUMPIN' JIMINY, FLASH, THEY GOT US SPOTTED ALREADY! THIS CALLS FER FAST THINKIN'! LET'S RAMBLE FER THE END O' THAT OVERHANGIN' SHELF O' ROCK!

BANG!
BANG!



HUNTING WILD BUFFALO

ONE OF THE MOST DARING WAYS OF HUNTING BUFFALO WAS TO APPROACH A HERD ON FOOT INSTEAD OF FROM THE PROTECTION OF A HORSE -- BUT BECAUSE BUFFALO HAD A KEEN SENSE OF SMELL, THE HUNTER HAD TO MAKE SURE TO APPROACH HIS QUARRY UPWIND!



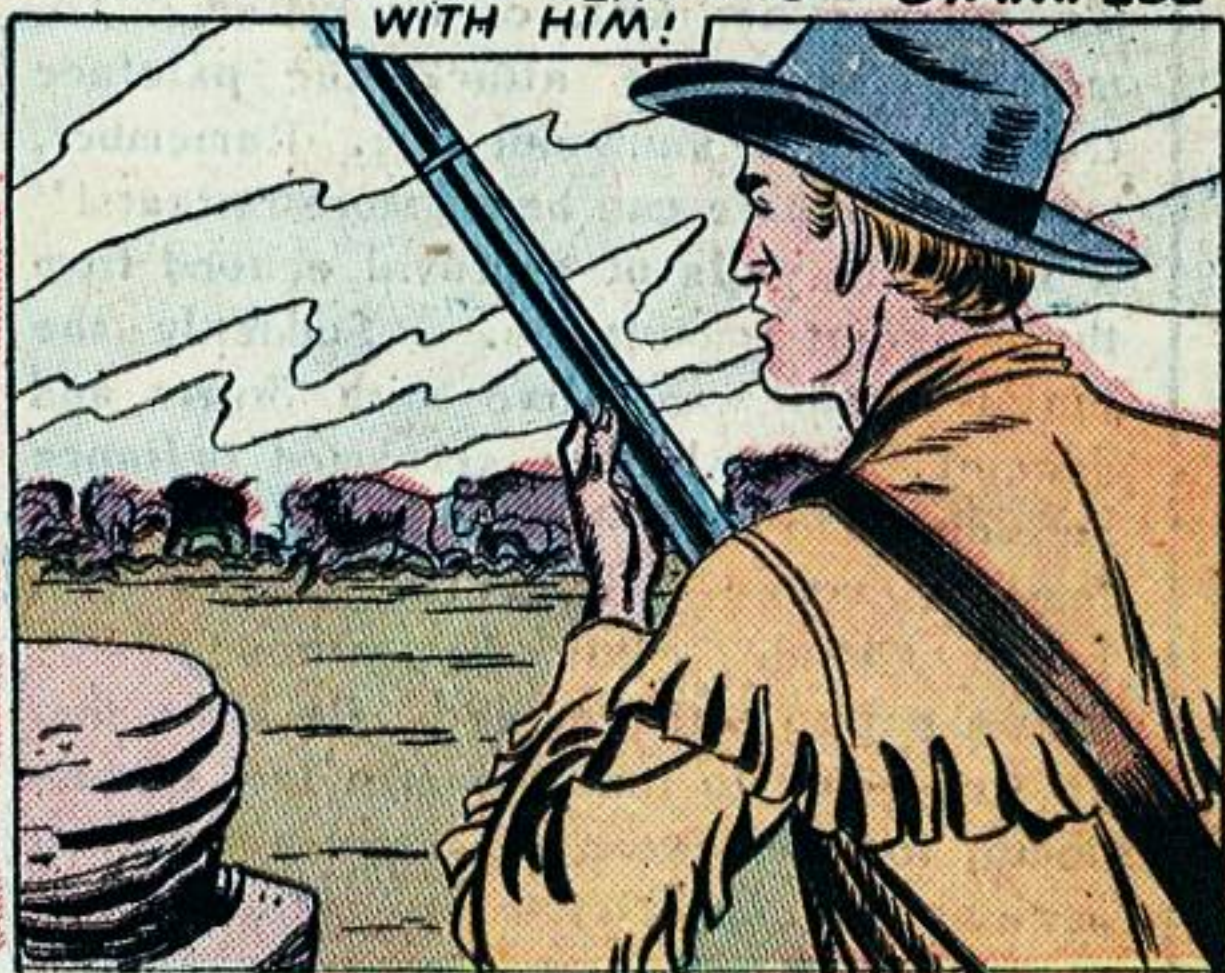
A HUNTER WHOSE SKILL WAS AS GREAT AS HIS COURAGE WOULD EDGE TO WITHIN FIFTY YARDS OF THE HERD, CANNILY PICK OUT THE LEADER -- AND DOWN IT WITH A SINGLE SHOT!



THE REMAINING BUFFALO WOULD THEN MILL AROUND THEIR FALLEN LEADER -- WHILE THE HUNTER KEPT ON SHOOTING AND DOWNING MORE AND MORE!



BUT IF THE HUNTER MADE A MISTAKE AND DIDN'T KILL THE LEADER OF THE HERD WITH THAT FIRST SHOT, THE LEADER WOULD BOLT -- AND THE WHOLE HERD WOULD STAMPEDE WITH HIM!



WHEN STARTLED, BUFFALO ALMOST ALWAYS RAN AGAINST THE WIND, TO BE ABLE TO SCENT OUT DANGER IN FRONT OF THEM -- AND IF A SUDDEN SHIFT OF WIND OCCURRED, THE STAMPEDING HERD MIGHT TURN ON THE HUNTER, AND TRAMPLE HIM TO DEATH!



BUT WITH LUCK AND SKILL ON HIS SIDE, AN EXPERIENCED HUNTER COULD BAG UP TO THREE HUNDRED BUFFALO A DAY -- AND AT \$2.25 PER BUFFALO HIDE -- THAT WASN'T HAY!



The **DEATH** of **LITTLE CLOUD**

THE DRUMS WERE stilled, the council fires had burned low, and the braves were silent, for the great Kiowa chieftain was finishing his long speech. It had been an ordeal for the old man, taxing his once powerful voice so that all of the thousands of assembled braves might hear, but as his final words rang through the hot August night, the old man's eyes grew bright, as if lit by an inner flame.

"And so, children of the Kiowa nation," he cried, "there is no longer any choice. The white men come to take our land, to drive us from our ancestral hunting grounds. We must either kill, or be killed. Tomorrow, when we attack the paleface troops, we will know our fate. Remember, my braves, there can be no more retreats!"

The wild yells of approval echoed from the distant mountains. Suddenly the Indian camp was alive with drums and dancing. The braves screamed defiance and death to the white men, led by their fearless young fighter, the chief's son, Little Cloud. But the prince of the Kiowa nation was troubled. He knew that he was going to lead his men into certain death, for their weapons could not prevail against the superior rifles and numbers of the whites. "But better to die nobly," he thought, "than to accept defeat and the lot of those tribes who have chosen prison on a government reservation."

The band of defiant Indians covered the plain to the horizon as they mounted their ponies the next morning. "Ride!" Little Cloud commanded after they had been blessed by the medicine men. "Ride, Kiowa, to death...or glory!" The thunder of unshod hooves rose from the plain and carried to the mountains.

A half hour later, Little Cloud held up his arm. The small army stopped, at the top of a great rim. Below, riding hard from the horizon, were three regiments of U.S. Army troops, their unit flags fluttering bravely in the wind. Little Cloud pointed, waved his arm up and down three times. His men knew what to do. "EE-YAAA!" he shouted defiantly. The Kiowa attacked.

The opposing armies met on the plain below, opposing riders crashing head on in the charge. There was the slash of sabers and the whine of arrows, and the cries of dying men, but most of all there was the steady clatter of Army rifles, taking their toll of the painted braves. Little Cloud was wherever the fight was thickest. As if watched by his tribal gods he averted death time and again, while his own men fell under the blistering volley of enemy guns. Little Cloud yelled louder, fought harder, but he knew it was useless, for his braves were dropping all around him.

Three times he rallied his troops, when they were on the verge of flight. Three times he led them into reckless charges against the opposing flanks. "Forward, brothers," he yelled. "Victory can still be ours!" But as the battle waxed hotter, taking a heavier toll of both sides, Little Cloud knew that his was a hopeless cause. The Indians were outgunned, outmaneuvered, and their original superiority in numbers was waning fast.

He rode a pony to death under him, leaped for a riderless one rearing terrified not far away. He charged, and charged again, slashing furiously on all sides. There were white men dying too, in clusters, but the battle was clearly lost. "They are brave men too, these pale-faces," Little Cloud thought. "Worthy opponents. It is no disgrace to die facing them."

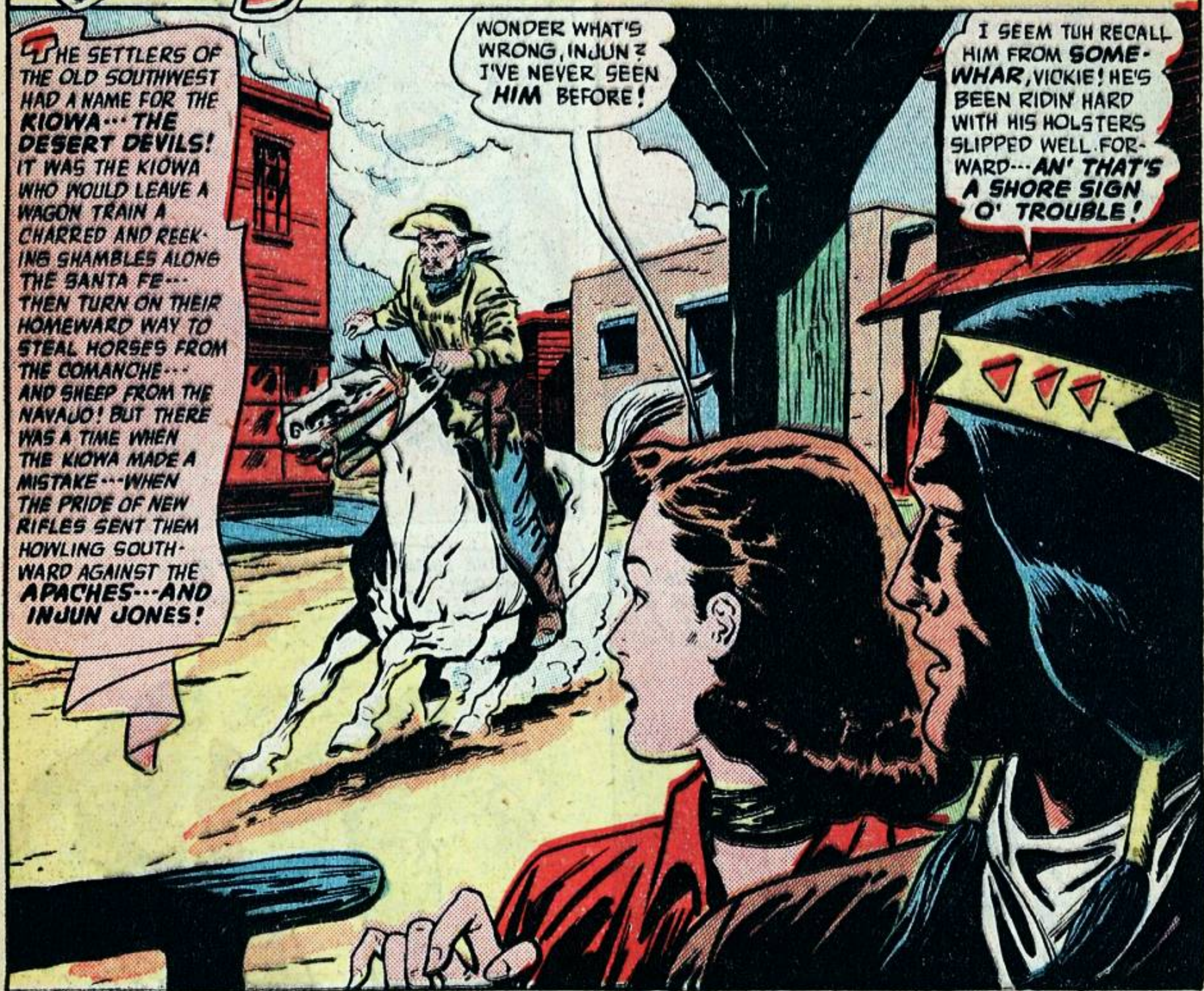
Moments later something struck him in the side, pitching him off his horse. Though badly wounded he managed to clutch the pony's mane, being dragged a hundred yards before he finally let go. He rolled a dozen more, his eyes clouding over. It was a mortal wound, he knew, but even so he could exhort his troops once more, rally their courage. But he had no voice to speak. And just before the blackness descended he saw his braves, left without their fearless leader, break and gallop away defeated, as the brave whites spurred their horses in pursuit.

Grijun JONES

THE SETTLERS OF THE OLD SOUTHWEST HAD A NAME FOR THE KIOWA... THE DESERT DEVILS! IT WAS THE KIOWA WHO WOULD LEAVE A WAGON TRAIN A CHARRED AND REEKING SHAMBLES ALONG THE SANTA FE... THEN TURN ON THEIR HOMEWARD WAY TO STEAL HORSES FROM THE COMANCHE... AND SHEEP FROM THE NAVAJO! BUT THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THE KIOWA MADE A MISTAKE... WHEN THE PRIDE OF NEW RIFLES SENT THEM HOWLING SOUTHWARD AGAINST THE APACHES... AND INJUN JONES!

WONDER WHAT'S WRONG, INJUN? I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE!

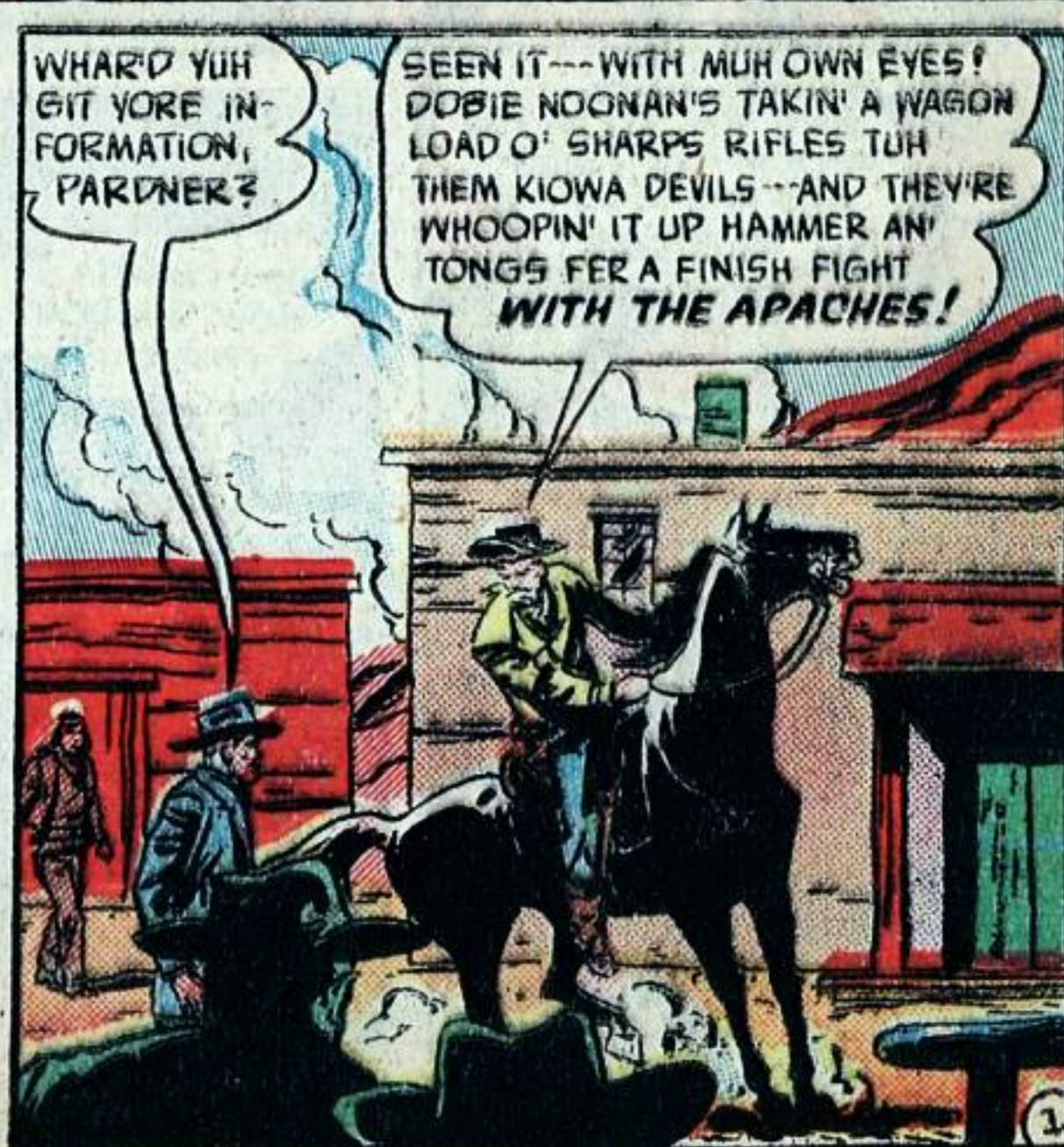
I SEEM TUH RECALL HIM FROM SOME-
WHAR, VICKIE! HE'S BEEN RIDIN' HARD WITH HIS HOLSTERS SLIPPED WELL FORWARD... AN' THAT'S A SHORE SIGN O' TROUBLE!



GET SET FER A RUCKUS! THE KIOWA ARE ON THE PROD... AN' THEY GOT IT BAD!

WHARD' YUH GIT YORE INFORMATION, PARTNER?

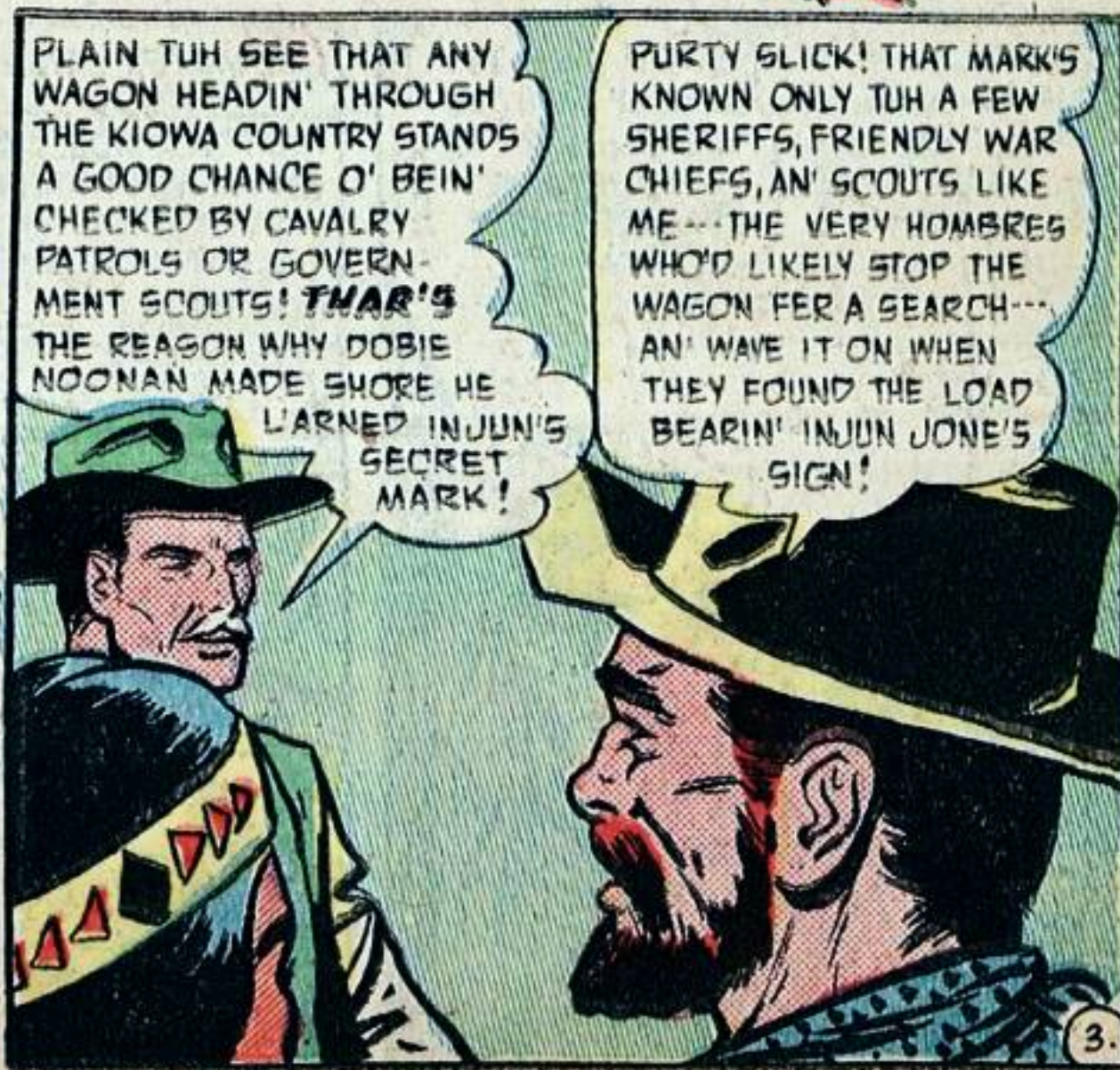
SEEN IT... WITH MUH OWN EYES! DOBIE NOONAN'S TAKIN' A WAGON LOAD O' SHARPS RIFLES TUH THEM KIOWA DEVILS... AND THEY'RE WHOOPIN' IT UP HAMMER AN' TONGS FER A FINISH FIGHT WITH THE APACHES!





WITH THE LUMBERING STRENGTH OF A BRAHMA BULL...





LEASTWISE---**MOST** OF 'EM WOULD! BUT I KNOWED DOBIE NOONAN FER A SIDEWINDIN' BACK-SHOOTER **Y'ARS** AGO---AN' I FOLLERED THAT WAGON UNTIL THEY MADE CAMP! YUH KIN SAVVY MUH FEELIN'S WHEN I POKED AROUND THAT NIGHT---AN' FOUND THEM RIFLES WHILE DOBIE HAD A POWWOW WITH A KIOWA BRAVE! I HANKERED TUH TANGLE WITH THEM VARMINTS THEN AN' THAR---BUT I FIGGERED GUNPLAY WOULD BRING A WAR PARTY WHOOPIN' OUT AFTER MUH HAIR!



WAL---THAT WAS FOUR DAYS AGO! COUNT ON THEM KIOWAS RIDIN' HARD AN' LEADIN' SPARE HOSSES---AN' I'LL BET MUH BOTTOM DOLLAR THEY'RE WITHIN HOWLIN' DISTANCE RIGHT NOW!

INJUN, YUH'D BETTER GIT UP A POSSE AMONG THE OUTLYIN' RANCHES---**PRONTO!**



WAIT UP, SHERIFF! SO FAR---THIS HERE SHAPES UP AS A RUCKUS BETWEEN **REDSKINS!** IF THE LAW TRIES TUH STEP IN WHILE THE BRAVES ON BOTH SIDES ARE SHOWIN' UGLY---THEY'RE LIKELY TUH RAID THE TOWN ON THE CHANCE O' PICKIN' UP A FEW SCALPS EXTRY! THEM KIOWAS ARE RIDIN' INTUH APACHE COUNTRY---AN' **THEY'RE ASKIN' FER APACHE TROUBLE!**



MEBBE SO, INJUN! BUT IF THE KIOWA RIDE OFF'N THEIR RESERVATION---IT'S THE LAW'S JOB TUH STOP 'EM!

SHORE---I'LL TAKE CARE O' **THAT** END AS YOKE DEPUTY! BUT WHEN IT COMES TUH SHARPS RIFLES AG'INST BOWS AN' LANCES---**I'M PITCHIN' INTUH THE RUCKUS AS AN APACHE WAR CHIEF!**



RECKON I'LL RIDE OUT AN' LOOK FER HOSS TRACKS, INJUN!

GOOD IDEE! I'LL JINE UP WITH YUH---SOON AS I GIT RED CLOUD AN' HIS APACHES ON THE READY!



MINUTES LATER---

WHATEVER WOULD GET THE KIOWA ON THE WARPATH, INJUN? AREN'T THEY RELATED TO THE APACHES---EVEN SPEAKING THE SAME LANGUAGE?

YEP---BUT WE'VE HAD NO TRUCK WITH 'EM EVER SINCE THEY SIDED WITH OUR COMANCHE ENEMIES---Y'ARS AGO! AN' NOW THAT DOBIE NOONAN'S SIDIN' WITH **THEM**---I'M TRYIN' TUH FIGGER THE REASON!



MILES BEYOND---AT THE APACHE CAMP---

I HAVE KNOWN INJUN JONES SINCE THE TIME WHEN HE WAS TOO SMALL TO DRAW A BOW---TO ME HIS FACE REFLECTS WHAT HIS HEART HOLDS---AND TODAY **HIS HEART IS BLACK!**





JEST PICKED UP A PIECE O' NEWS FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY, RED CLOUD! DOBIE NOONAN'S IN CAHOOTS WITH THE KIOWA---AN' THAR'S BLOOD IN THE AIR!

EE-YAH...LET IT BE KIOWA BLOOD! APACHES KNOW ONLY ONE WAY TO MEET A THREAT... **WE ATTACK!**



WHERE ARE THE KIOWA? WHERE ARE THE DOGS WHO BURN TO LEAVE THEIR HAIR ON OUR LODGE POLES?

BETTER GIT 'EM TAMED DOWN, RED CLOUD...YUH'RE UP AG'INST A HUNDRED SHARPS RIFLES! SHORE, IT'LL BE A GOOD IDEE TUH GIT IN THE FIRST LICK---BUT GALLOPIN' BLINDLY OUT WILL MEAN PLAYIN' THE KIOWA GAME!



RED CLOUD LISTENS... BECAUSE HIS BROTHER INJUN JONES HAS PLANNED WIGELY IN THE PAST! WE WILL WAIT---TESTING OUR BOWSTRINGS AND SHARPENING OUR ARROWHEADS!

SQUAWS---COME FORTH! THE CAMP PREPARES FOR WAR---OUR GOLD AND SILVER TREASURES MUST BE HIDDEN!



AS THE SQUAWS FILE PAST... CARRYING THEIR MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSIONS...

I CAN SEE WHY IT'S THE CUSTOM TO HIDE THOSE THINGS WHEN TROUBLE'S BREWING, INJUN! ALTOGETHER---IT'S WORTH THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS!

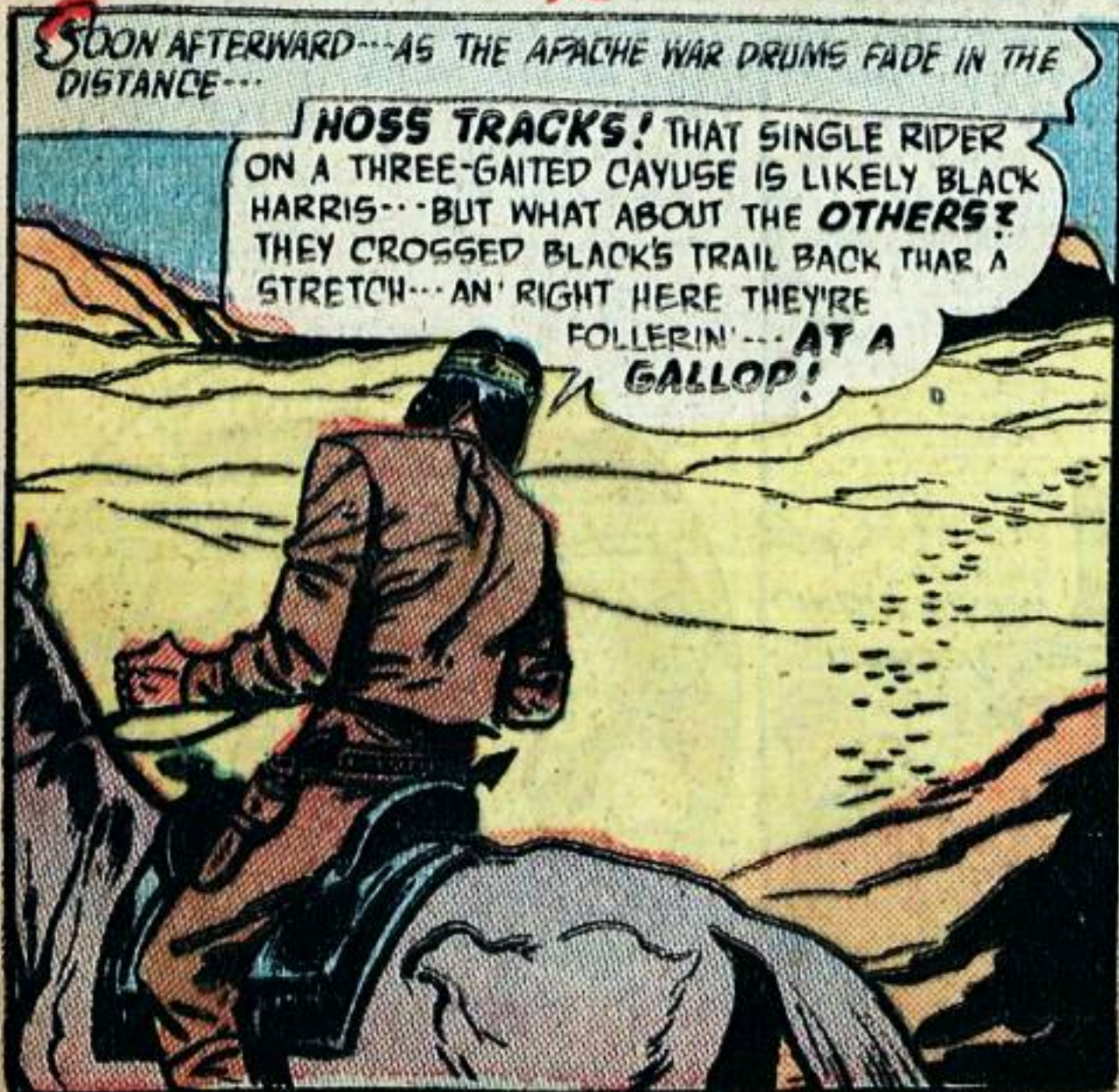
VICKIE, I'M GOIN' TUH COUNT ON YUH TO RIDE OUT WITH THAT OL' SQUAW---AN'

HIDE THE BOX IN THE CAVE ON THUNDER RIM!



AS FER ME... RECKON IT'S TIME I MADE CONTACT WITH BLACK HARRIS...ON THE CHANCE HE'S SPOTTED SOMETHIN'!

INJUN--- I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU TWO FIGHTING FOOLS OUT THERE---SURROUNDED BY ENEMIES! PLEASE, DARLING---TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!



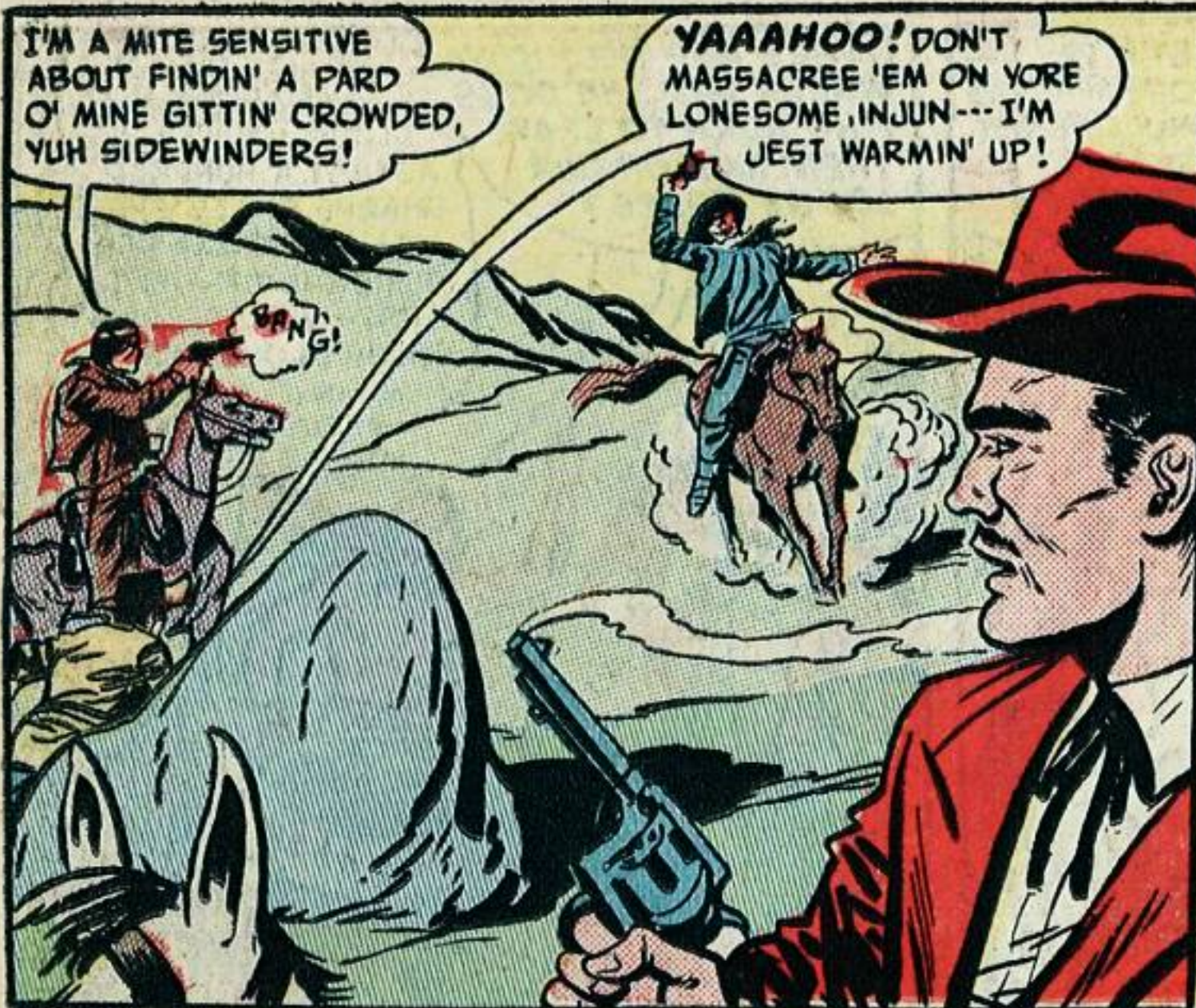
SOON AFTERWARD---AS THE APACHE WAR DRUMS FADE IN THE DISTANCE---

HOSS TRACKS! THAT SINGLE RIDER ON A THREE-GAITED CAYUSE IS LIKELY BLACK HARRIS...BUT WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS? THEY CROSSED BLACK'S TRAIL BACK THAR A STRETCH---AN' RIGHT HERE THEY'RE FOLLERIN'--- **AT A GALLOP!**



SEVERAL MILES BEYOND---

BY TUNKET, THAR HE IS...HOLED IN BY DOBIE NOONAN AN' HIS VARMINTS!



I'M A MITE SENSITIVE ABOUT FINDIN' A PARD O' MINE GITTIN' CROWDED, YUH SIDEWINDERS!

YAAAHOO! DON'T MASSACREE 'EM ON YORE LONESOME INJUN--- I'M JEST WARMIN' UP!



CHAW DIRT, HOMBRE... OR SPIT TEETH!

BANG!



SET YORESELF DOWN, DOBIE... WE'VE GOT SOME PALAVERIN' TUH DO ABOUT SHARPS RIFLES!

CRASH!



I DON'T AIM TUH WASTE TIME GENTLIN' YUH ALONG, DOBIE! WHAT'S YORE GAME?

WAL, I HEARD THAT WHEN THE TRIBES RARE BACK FER A FIGHT TUH THE FINISH---THE SQUAWS HIDE ALL THEIR VALUABLES IN ONE SPOT FER SAFEKEEPIN'! THAT'S WHAT I HANKERED FER---A PILE O' GOLD AN SILVER WORTH MEBBE A HUNDRED TIMES WHAT I INVESTED IN THEM RIFLES! THE KIOWA ARE WAITIN' FER US TUH LEAD 'EM TUH THAT TREASURE SO'S THEY KIN LIFT A FEW SQUAW SCALPS---AN' I FIGGERED YOU'D KNOW WHAR IT'S CACHED! WE WERE OUT LOOKIN' FER YUH WHEN WE RAN INTUH BLACK HARRIS!



INJUN, IF DOBIE DON'T GIT BACK TO THEM KIOWA---THEY'RE SHORE AS SHOOTIN' GOIN' TUH THINK THE APACHES GOT WIND O' SOMETHIN'! THEY'LL GIVE UP THE IDEE O' RAIDIN' RED CLOUD'S CAMP---AN' ATTACK THE TOWN!

I DON'T RECKON WE OUGHT TUH LET 'EM GIT OFF THAT EASY, BLACK! I PROMISED RED CLOUD I'D COME UP WITH A PLAN---AN' I THINK I'VE GOT ONE!



THE KIOWA EXPECT DOBIE---AN' HE'S GITTIN' THAR! I'LL KEEP OUT O' SIGHT WITH MUH SIX-GUN AIMED---WHILE HE TELLS THE HOSTILES THAT THE APACHE GOLD IS CACHED AT GOPHER FLAT! THAT'S WHAR I WANT THE APACHES TUH BE WAITIN' FER 'EM---AN' I'LL LEAVE IT TUH YOU!

GOOD IDEE! COME ON, YUH LOW-SLING SON OF A MULE-SKINNER---WE'RE RIDIN'!



RIDE KEERFUL AND WATCH YORE HAIR, INJUN! WE'LL BE READY!

GOPHER FLAT OR BUST, PARDNER!



A HALF-HOUR LATER...

HOW IN BLAZES KIN I
FACE THEM KIOWA? WHAT'LL
HAPPEN TUH **ME** IF THEY
GIT A NOTION THEY'RE
BEIN' TRICKED?

YUH'D BETTER WORRY
ABOUT WHAT THIS HERE
SIX-GUN KIN DO--- IF
THEY **AREN'T**
TRICKED! KEEP
GOIN' HOMBRE---
AN' PALAVER!



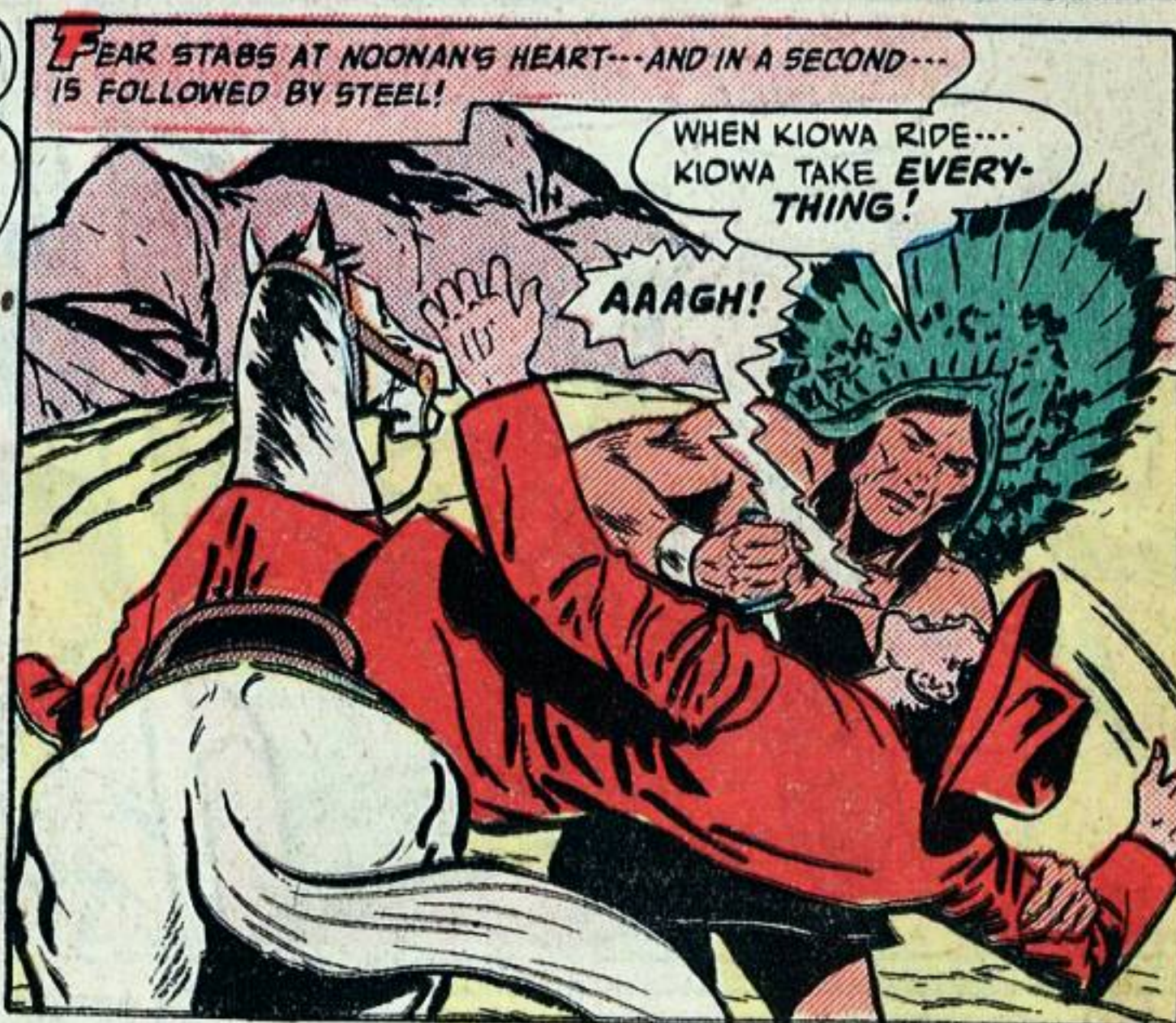
GOOD NEWS---THAR'S
A BAND O' APACHE SQUAWS
HIDIN' THAT TREASURE
AT GOPHER FLAT! GIT
MOUNTED---THAR'S
SCALPS WAITIN'!

SCALPS GOOD!
BUT SCALPS NOT
ENOUGH!



YUH MEAN---YUH WANT PART
O' THE TREASURE? I'LL MAKE
A DEAL WITH YUH---RIDE RIGHT
NOW--- **AN' WE'LL GO
HALVES!**

DOBIE NOONAN
MAKE DEAL,
KIOWA! BUT
MEBBE---SCALPS
NOT ENOUGH---
**HALVES NOT
ENOUGH!**



FEAR STABS AT NOONAN'S HEART---AND IN A SECOND---
IS FOLLOWED BY STEEL!

WHEN KIOWA RIDE---
KIOWA TAKE **EVERY-**
THING!

AAAGH!



MEBBE DOBIE NOONAN
GOT WHAT HE DESERVED,
YUH SKULKIN' GALOOT'S
--- BUT THIS'LL SHOW
YUH HOW I FEEL ABOUT
COLD-BLOODED
MURDER!

**INJUN
JONES
--- HE
KILL
CHIEF!
GET HORSES
--- GET
HORSE!**



WITH HIGH-PITCHED YELLS ECHOING
AMONG THE MESAS---

YAAA-HOO!
KILL---KILL! WE
WILL PAINT OUR
FACES WITH
APACHE
BLOOD!

KEEP COMIN',
YUH SLAT-
FACED DEVILS!
THAR'S PLENTY
O' APACHE
BLOOD AT
GOPHER FLAT
--- AN' IT'S
BOILIN'!



SOON AFTERWARD---

AHA---
YOU
SEE
'EM?

YEP---TEARIN'
AFTER INJUN LIKE
THE HAMMERS O'
PERDITION! I'LL TAKE
THE LEFT FLANK, RED
CLOUD---
**YUH
READY?**

WHEN IT SOUNDS---THE SHRILL,QUAVERING WHISTLE THAT MARKS AN APACHE CHARGE!

PHWEEET! PHWEEET!
EEEE-YAH!

YEP---GOPHER FLAT'S
GOIN' TUH PROVE PLUMB
UNHEALTHY FER KIOWA!

AAAGH!



I NEVER DID FIGGER
RIFLES WAS WORTH
A SNAP, ANYHOW!

BANG!



SLICK GOIN', APACHE
---BUT THIS'N'S
MINE!

AAAGH!



MIGHT'VE KNOWED IT!
WHEN IT COMES TUH HAWGIN'
THE FIGHTIN'---THAR'S NOTHIN'
BEATS AN APACHE!



MINUTES LATER---LEAVING HALF THEIR BRAVES AND ALL
THEIR SPUNK ON THE SANDS OF GOPHER FLAT---

KIOWA---RIDE! GO
BACK TO OUR LODGES
---TELL OUR WAR
CHIEFS---APACHES
BAD MEDICINE!



THAT NIGHT---AS THUDDING DRUMS BEAT
TRIUMPHANTLY---

DON'T RECKON I HAD
HALF ENOUGH FIGHTIN', VICKIE
---BUT I FIGGER IT'S A GOOD
IDEE TUH SAVE PART O'
MUH TIME FER YOU!

COME TUH THINK
OF IT---THAR'S NOTHIN'
BEATS AN APACHE
WHEN IT COMES TUH
GIRLS, EITHER!



EVILAR WHOOPS SPUR INJUN
JONES INTO ANOTHER SLAMBANG
ADVENTURE---IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

The LOST GOLD MINE

IN 1846, THE THREE PERALTA BROTHERS OF CHIHUAHUA CITY, MEXICO, EMBARKED ON A PROSPECTING EXPEDITION INTO THE TRACKLESS WILDS OF WHAT IS NOW ARIZONA...

THOSE MOUNTAINS MAY HAVE GOLD-BEARING ORE-- LET'S GO, THERE!

NO-- GREAT DANGER! YONDER HOME OF THUNDER GOD OF APACHES! ME NO GUIDE YOU!

HA, HA-- WE'LL CALL THOSE THE SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS! WE DON'T FEAR THE APACHE THUNDER GOD-- SO WE'LL GO THERE OURSELVES!



ADVANCING INTO THE MOUNTAINS WHICH STILL BEAR THE NAME THE PERALTAS BESTOWED UPON THEM, THE BROTHERS DISCOVERED EIGHT VEINS OF ALMOST PURE GOLD...

GOLD-- GOLD!

CARAMBA-- IT WILL TAKE A THOUSAND MEN A HUNDRED YEARS TO REMOVE ALL THIS GOLD!

WE'RE RICH-- RICH!



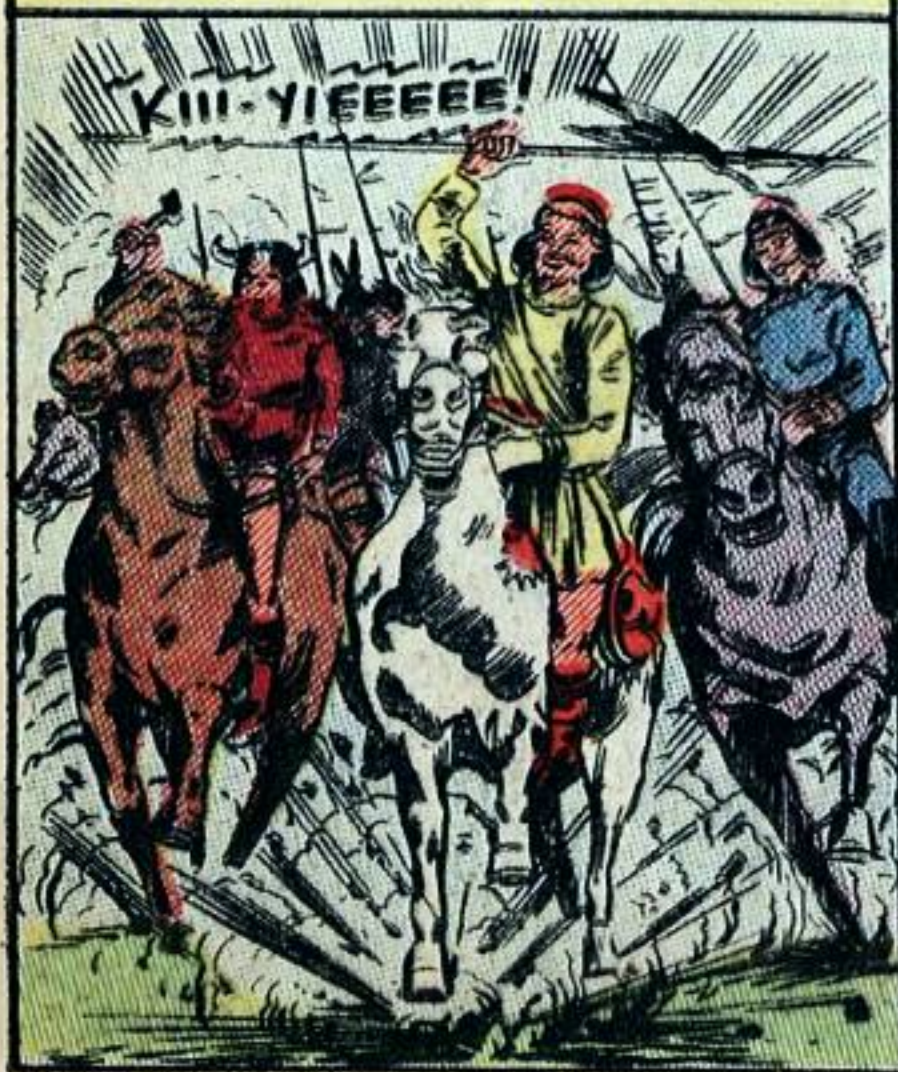
THE EXULTANT PROSPECTORS WENT TO CHIHUAHUA AND RETURNED TO THE SITE WITH A HUNDRED ARMED WORKERS! TWO HUNDRED BURROS BEGAN CARTING THE VIRGIN GOLD TO MEXICO-- BUT THEN, WHEN APACHE SCOUTS DISCOVERED THE DESECRATION OF THEIR SACRED MOUNTAIN...

PALEFACES DIG INTO HOME OF THUNDER GOD-- DEATH TO PALEFACES!



FINALLY, WHEN A THOUSAND WARRIORS HAD GATHERED, THE APACHES STRUCK!

OUTNUMBERED, THE MEXICAN MINERS WERE SLAUGHTERED TO A MAN!



WHEN THE MASSACRE WAS OVER...

PALEFACES CAME TO DIG FOR YELLOW ROCKS--WE PUT SQUAWS TO WORK COVERING UP ALL YELLOW ROCKS--SO NO PALEFACES COME HERE AGAIN!



WHEN THE SQUAWS HAD FINISHED THEIR ARDUOUS LABORS WEEKS LATER, DIRT AND ROCKS COMPLETELY COVERED THE MINING SHAFTS--AND SHRUBS WERE PLANTED OVER THE SCARRED EARTH!

GOOD--NOW ONLY SKELETONS REMAIN TO WARN OTHER PALEFACES AWAY FROM HOME OF THUNDER GOD!



ONE OF THE BROTHERS, **RAMON PERALTA**, HAD REMAINED BEHIND IN CHIHUAHUA TO PURCHASE MINING EQUIPMENT--AND WHEN THE BURROS LADEN WITH GOLD SUDDENLY STOPPED COMING FROM THE SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS, RAMON HASTILY ORGANIZED A SMALL EXPEDITION TO FIND OUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED! WHAT HE FOUND TURNED HIS BLOOD COLD WITH TERROR!

POR DIOS--I...I SWEAR NEVER TO RETURN TO THIS ACCURSED PLACE AGAIN!



FOR 25 YEARS, RAMON PERALTA REMAINED SILENT ABOUT THE GRUESOME DISCOVERY HE HAD MADE AT THE GOLD MINE SITE--BUT FINALLY, IN 1870, HE TOLD THE ENTIRE STORY TO TWO PROSPECTORS, JACKSON AND LUDI...

NO, MY FRIENDS, I HAVE NO WISH TO RETURN TO THAT PLACE OF HORROR--BUT, IF YOU DESIRE IT, I WILL GIVE YOU A MAP OF THE LOCATION OF THE MINES!

GOOD--WE'LL TRY OUR LUCK THERE!



CAREFULLY FOLLOWING PERALTA'S DIRECTIONS, THE TWO MEN DUG AWAY AT THE APACHE CAMOUFLAGE--AND SOON...

WE FOUND IT!

GOLD--PURE GOLD!



LUDI AND JACKSON IMMEDIATELY SET ABOUT FELLING TREES AND SHORING UP THE OLD MINE SHAFT! THE SOUND OF THEIR LABORS ATTRACTED TWO NOTORIOUS DESPERADOS, WHITE AND WALSH, WHO WERE PASSING BY...

THEY MUST'VE STRUCK IT RICH--LET'S TAKE OVER!

YEAH--THEY WON'T HAVE NO USE FER GOLD--SEEIN' AS THEY'LL SOON BE DEAD!



SUDDENLY, SPLITTING THE SILENCE LIKE THE CRACK OF A BULL-WHIP...



WALSH WORKED THE MINES FOR SIX YEARS, PERIODICALLY VISITING DISTANT PHOENIX TO CASH IN HIS GOLD AND BUY EQUIPMENT! EVERY TIME HE STARTED HIS RETURN TREK TO THE SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS, DOZENS OF TOWNSMEN FOLLOWED HIM IN AN ATTEMPT TO LEARN THE LOCATION OF HIS MINE...

CLEM, GET OFFA THAT HOSS! YUH FOLLERED WALSH SIX TIMES-- AN' SIX TIMES HE'S LOST YUH IN THEM MOUNTAINS!

GIT AWAY-- THIS TIME I'M GONNA STICK WITH 'IM ALL THE WAY TUH THOSE MINES!



BEFORE WALSH'S DEATH IN 1891, HE GAVE A MAP OF THE MINE LOCATION TO JULIA THOMAS, THE NURSE WHO HAD CARED FOR HIM IN HIS LAST ILLNESS-- BUT WHEN JULIA AND HER BROTHER GOT TO THE SPOT MARKED ON THE MAP...

THIS SHOULD BE THE SITE-- BUT WHERE ARE THE CLIFFS AND LANDMARKS THAT SHOULD BE HERE?

THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE EXPLANATION-- THAT EARTHQUAKE FOUR YEARS AGO IN THE AREA MUST HAVE SENT THOUSANDS OF TONS OF ROCK CRASHING DOWN FROM THE CLIFFS ONTO WALSH'S MINE! NO ONE WILL EVER FIND THE MINE NOW!



BUT AFTER INSPECTING THE SITE AND DISCOVERING THE IMMENSE RICHES IN THE LOAD, THE TWO THIEVES BEGAN QUARRELING BITTERLY ABOUT THEIR RESPECTIVE SHARES-- UNTIL FINALLY, WALSH ENDED THE ARGUMENT!



BUT EACH TIME, THE WILY WALSH LOST HIS FOLLOWERS IN THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT! WHEN HE FINALLY DECIDED TO RETIRE ON HIS WEALTH IN 1877, HE CUNNINGLY OBLITERATED ALL SIGNS OF THE MINE SHAFT AND GOLD OUTCROPS-- DOING AN EVEN BETTER JOB THAN THE APACHES HAD DONE!

HEH-HEH, NO ONE BUT ME'LL EVER BE ABLE TUH FIND THIS MINE AGAIN AFTER I GIT THROUGH WITH IT!



EVER SINCE THEN, THOUSANDS OF PROSPECTORS HAVE SCoured THE REGION IN SEARCH OF THE LOST GOLD MINE-- AND MORE THAN TWENTY HAVE DIED VIOLENTLY DURING THEIR SEARCH! BUT SOMEWHERE IN THE SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS OUTSIDE OF PHOENIX LIE EIGHT VEINS OF VIRGIN GOLD-- WAITING FOR THE FORTUNATE PROSPECTOR WHO STUMBLES ON IT! WILL THE LUCKY ONE BE YOU, READER?



DUEL!

THERE WASN'T A streak of yellow in Slim Barrett, but as he dismounted at the edge of town and tied his horse to a nearby fence, he felt queasy in his stomach. He didn't like killing at any time, but his hand had been forced, and now it was either a question of killing, or being killed. He hefted his matched, pearl-handled .45 colts in his palms, tested the balance, and stuck them away quickly in his holsters. He was ready.

He stood at the edge of town, peering down the deserted main street, where everything was ominously still. Everyone knew that Slim Barrett had challenged the three Yargo brothers to a duel the day before, everyone in town and probably the entire territory. The Yargo boys had run wild for two years, killing, plundering, holding up stages, stopping at nothing in their blood-stained career. Four sheriffs had been shot in the back during that time, and even the government marshal ambushed. During all that time Slim Barrett had peacefully minded his own business...ranching. But when his own brother had been murdered in a saloon fight by one of the Yargos, that had been too much. Slim swore to avenge his brother, or die in the attempt! The day before he had faced the Yargo boys in the Grand Slam Saloon, and had thrown down the challenge...to meet all three of them, guns in hand, at noon the following day, on the town's main street.

Slim began to pace forward slowly, knowing that the black-garbed figures of his enemies might appear at any moment. Here and there, behind a tightly closed window, he saw a guarded glance by a curious spectator. Slim's eyes were everywhere at once, shift-

ing nervously down and across the dusty street.

Then they appeared...three tall, bony figures, pacing forward half crouched. Slim's hand tightened, going to his guns almost compulsively, but he restrained himself. His only hope, and a very thin one, was to wait until the last minute to draw, when his deadly accuracy would claim at least two victims before the third got him.

Now he could see the tight set of their jaws, coming closer. The Yargos' hands were tight too, ready for action. Closer, and now there was the narrow, hard glint of their eyes. Slim got ready, only a few paces more...ready...NOW!

He dived forward, guns blazing, hitting the dirt at the same time. He felt a slug bang through his right arm, dropping the gun from his hand, but at the same moment, two of the Yargos went down, with the agonized cries of death. Three more somethings crashed into him, making him suddenly dizzy, but before the fog passed over his eyes he got off two fast shots with his good left hand. He saw the first catch the last Yargo squarely in the shoulder, spinning him half around...while the second crashed smack into the temple.

He was groggy and quite faint when he heard voices coming to him as if from far away. But then the voices became louder, almost deafening. "Finest piece o' shootin' since Billy the Kid," he heard, and "Oughta make Slim the marshal of the whole blame territory." He felt raw whisky passing his lips, making him choke. "Give him another slug o' that," somebody shouted. "He don't need nothin' more tuh bring *him* around... 'ceptin' maybe a mess o' bandages and a couple o' weeks rest!"

THE BANTAM BUCKAROO

I'VE BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT THEM THREE GALOOT'S THAT HELD UP THE STAGECOACH LAST EVENIN' -- AN' MADE OFF WITH THREE BAGS O' REGISTERED MAIL! THE SHERIFF HASN'T GOT 'EM CORRALED YET, LOBO -- SO THEY MUST BE SOMEWHAR OUT ON THE RANGE!

CRIMPERS, MIKE -- ANY PUNKIN HEAD WOULD SAVVY THAT!

THE BANTAM BUCKAROO isn't old enough to pack a gun -- but he's got his own sure-fire method for dealing with bandits! And when he puts his quick-witted know-how into practice, anything can happen -- including the gosh-awful spectacle of a **HEADLESS RIDER!**

PUNKIN HEAD! RECKON YUH'D BETTER PAY SOME MIND TUH THE WAY YUH PALAVER, YOUNG FELLER!

GOLLY, MIKE -- I'M SORRY! DIDN'T RIGHTLY MEAN TUH GIT SASSY WITH YUH!

I WAS LEADIN' UP TUH ONE THING, LOBO -- THEM WRDDIES WHO ROBBERED THE MAIL ARE **KILLERS!** AN' IF THEY'RE STILL AT LARGE HEREABOUTS -- I DON'T WANT YUH SNOOTIN' UP ANY TROUBLE!

IN OTHER WORDS -- I'M NOT S'POSED TUH HAVE ANY FUN **NDHOW!**

A MOMENT LATER --

WAL -- MEBBEE MIKE HAD SOME CALL TUH GIT TOUCHY ABOUT BEIN' CALLED A PUNKIN HEAD, AFTER ALL! BUT LEASTWISE, HE'S GOT A SENSE O' HUMOR -- AN IT'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TUH **SQUARE THINGS!**



YEP -- **THIS**'LL DO THE TRICK!
I'LL RIDE OUT TUH THE SOUTH
SECTION WHAR MIKE'S MOWIN'
ALFALFA -- AN' I'LL BET HE GITS
A HOSS LAUGH OUT O' THIS
REAL PUNKIN HEAD!



SOON AFTERWARD --

SHORE YUH KNOW
WHAR WE'RE HEADIN',
DUDE? MIGHT BE A
GOOD IDEE TUH
KEEP OUT IN
THE OPEN
RANGE!

THE HOSSSES
ARE ABOUT
DONE IN--AFTER
DOUBLIN' BACK
ALL NIGHT TUH
THROW OFF THAT
POSSE! THE CRITTERS
NEED GRAZIN'--AN'
I WOULDN'T BE
SURPRISED IF
THEY'RE HEADIN'
TOWARD
ALFALFA!



WHOA! I DON'T NEED A DREAM
BOOK TUH FIGGER WHO **THEY**
ARE -- WHEN THAT SPARE
HOSS IS TOTIN'
MAILBAGS!



WHEN YUH GIT ON THE
PROPERTY O' MIKE
HARNEY, YUH POLE-
CATS -- YUH'RE
HALFWAY BETWEEN
THE HOOSEGOW AN'
THE GRAVEYARD!
REACH!

OL'TIMER --
YUH'RE
SLAPPIN'
LEATHER FER
THE LAST
TIME!



YUH JEST CREASED HIM,
DUDE! WATCH--I AIM
TUH MAKE HIM BOUNCE
FER KEEPS!

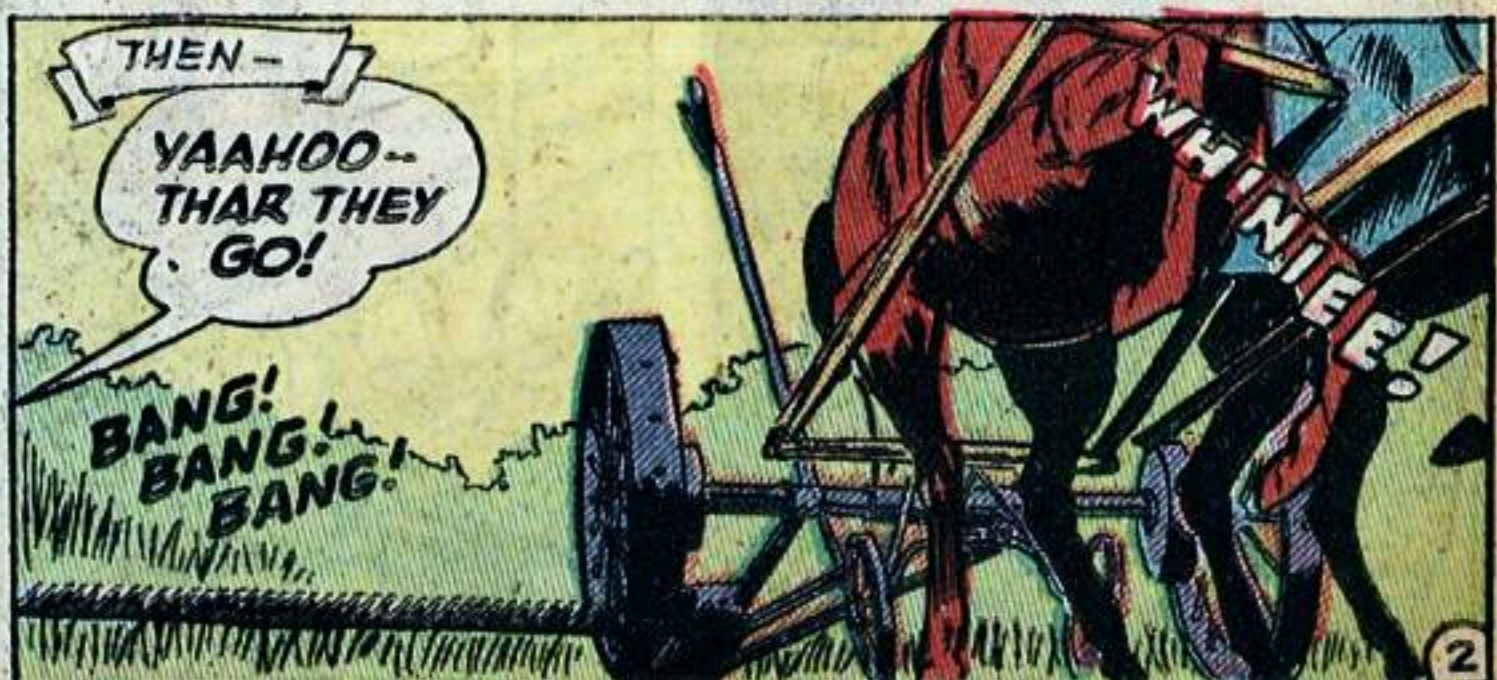
WAIT! I KNICKED HIM ON PURPOSE --
SO'S NOT TUH LEAVE BULLETS THAT'D
PIN **ANOTHER** MURDER ONTUH US! ALL
WE'VE GOT TUH DO IS MAKE THEM HOSSSES
STAMPEDE -- AN' THE OLD GEEZER WILL
BE PLUMB IN THE PATH O' THEM
MOWIN' MACHINE BLADES!



THEN --

YAAHOO --
THAR THEY
GO!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



VAMOOSE!
I DON'T MIND
DOIN' A NEAT
JOB WITH A .44,
DUDE -- BUT
THIS HERE WON'T
BE A PURTY
SIGHT TUH
WATCH!

RECKON ALL WE'LL
HAVE TUH DO IS
LISTEN! JEST
ONE YELL -- AN'
WE'LL KNOW
MIKE HARNEY'S
BEEN TRIMMED
DOWN TUH
KINDLIN' SIZE!

AS THE OUTLAWS HEAD
INTO THE COTTONWOODS--

CRIMPIN' COYOTES!
THEM SHOTS I HEARD MUST'VE
SPOOKED UP THE TEAM -- **MIKE'S
WITHIN A LICK O' GITTIN'
SCALPED CLEAN DOWN TUH
HIS COLLAR BUTTON!**

NO USE ROPIN' THE TEAM -- IT'D
TAKE A HEAP MORE MUSCLE THAN
**I'VE GOT TO
STOP 'EM!**

SUFFERIN' CATFISH!
-- THAR'S NO TIME
TUH GIT CLEAR!

THE NEXT SECOND --

WOJEE -- WAS
THAT CLOSE!
I ROPED THE
LEVER -- AN' THE
BLADE LIFTED
JUST IN TIME!

CLANK!

THEN --

YAAGH!
MUH HEAD'S
BEEN SLICED
CLEAN OFF'N
MUH
CARCASS!

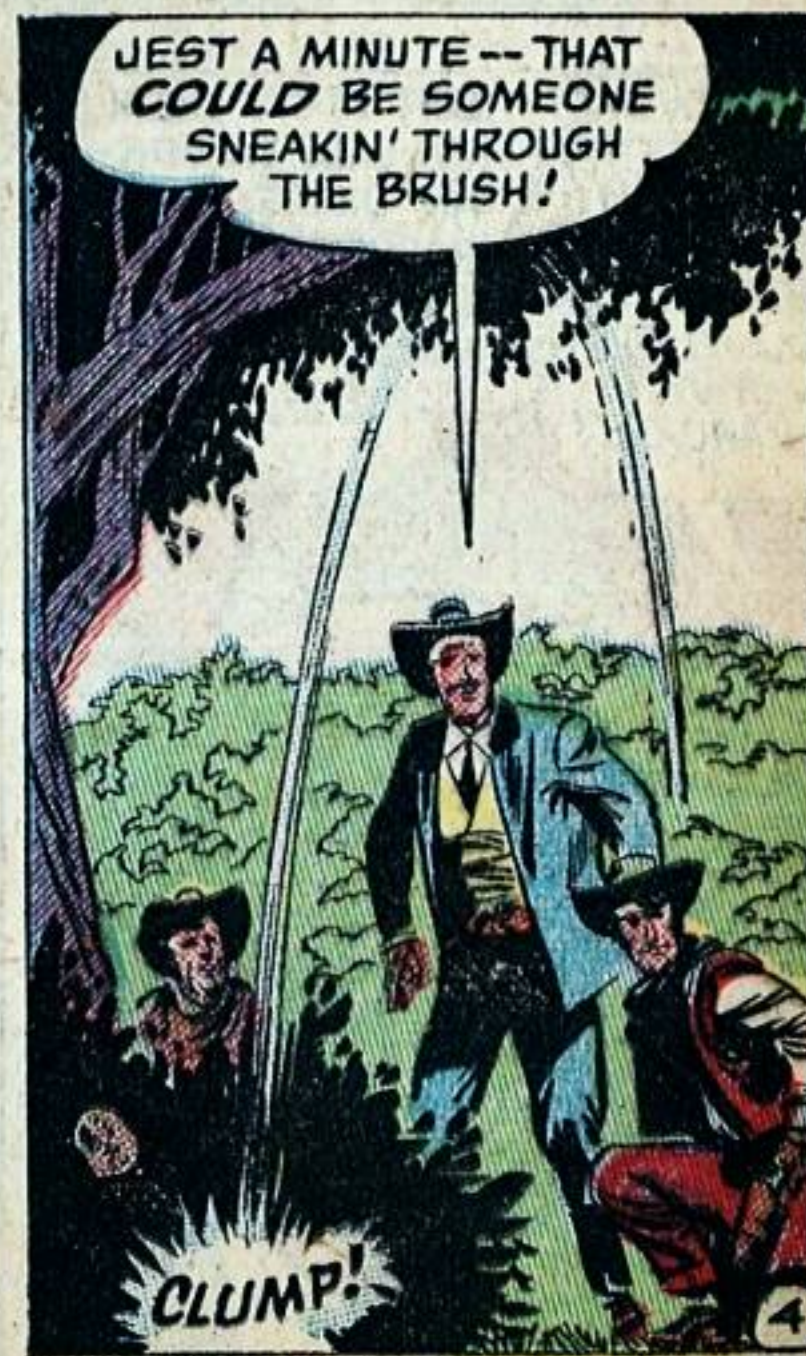
HEAR THAT? THEM'S
HIS LAST WORDS --
AN' UNLESS THEM
HOSSES KIN TALK --
NO ONE'LL EVER PUT
THE BLAME ON TUH
US!

I KIN THANK MUH LUCKY STARS
THEM BLADES WAS JEST
SHARPENED -- I DIDN'T
FEEL A THING! BUT
WHEN I LOOK AT
THESE HERE PORE
SUFFERIN' FEATURES
O' MINE -- IT'S
MORE'N I KIN
STAND!

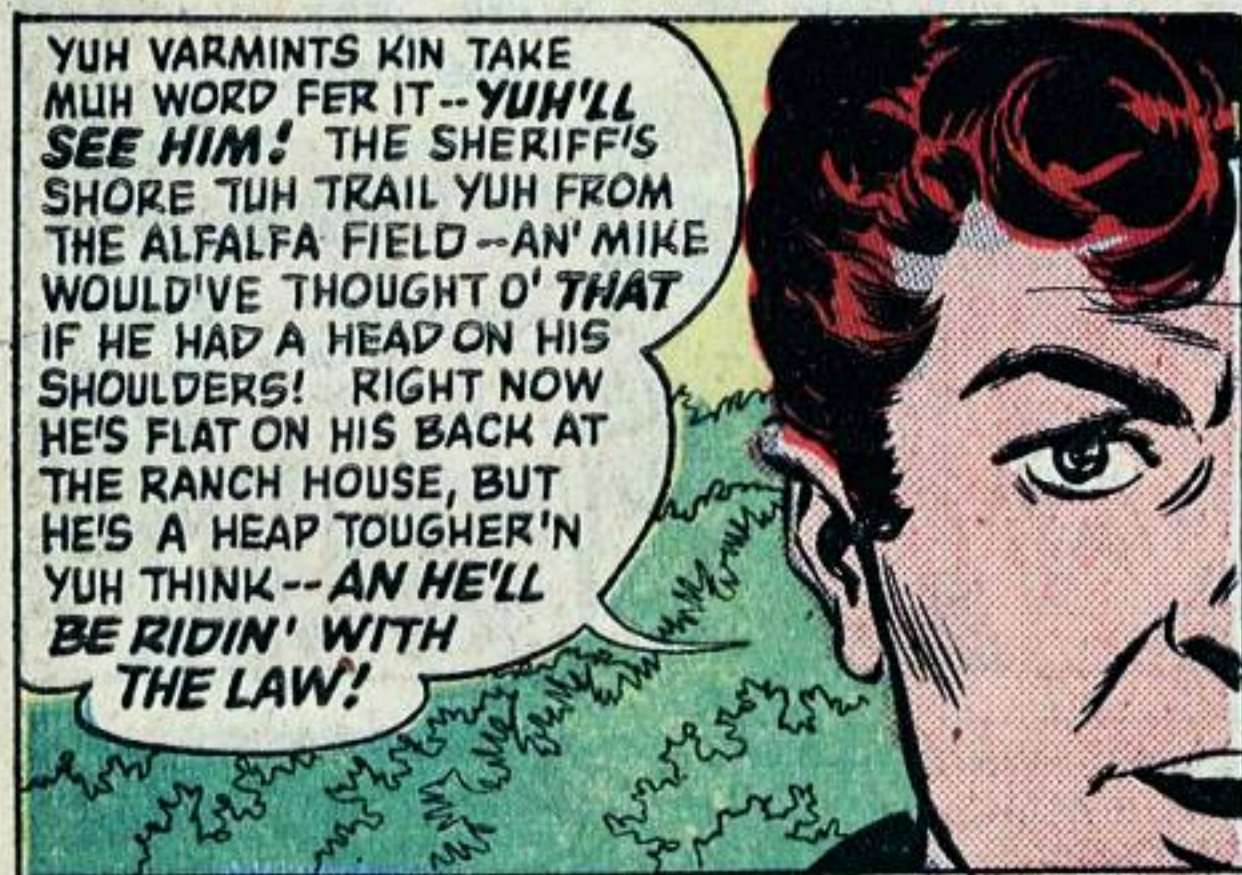
MIKE --
THAR'S
NOTHIN' THE
MATTER WITH
YUH! JEST
OPEN YORE
EYES!

GLORY BE -- WHAR'D
I GIT THE IDEE
THIS HERE
PUNKIN HEAD
WAS **ME?**

MIKE -- I'M
NOT SAYIN'
A WORD!









NOW -- THE MAIN THING'S
TUH GIT MOVIN'!
**BRONC--WHAR
ARE YUH?**



**JEE-UMPIN'
JIMSON!**

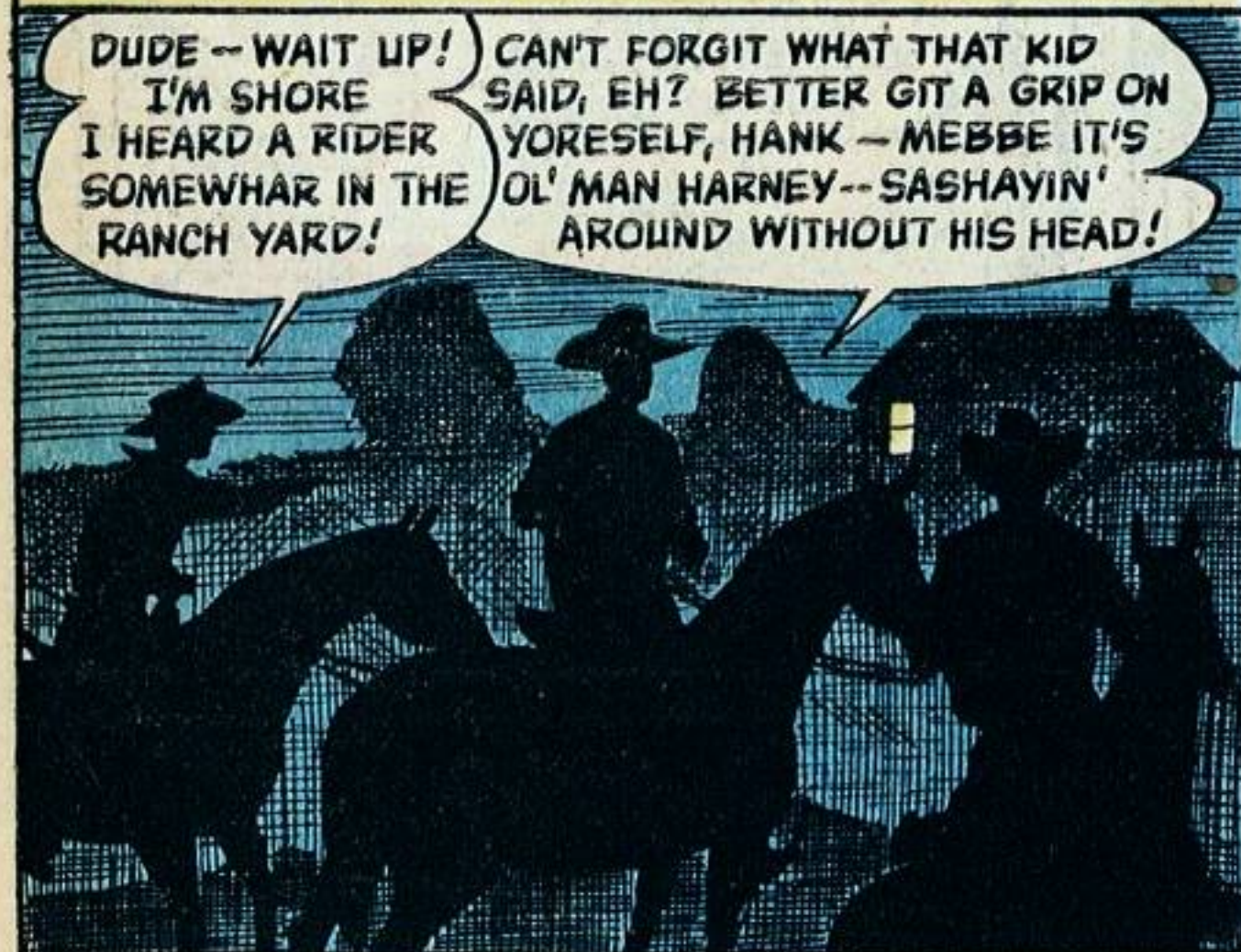
WHINIEEE!



MAKE TRACKS, BOY -- I'M
COUNTIN' ON YUH TUH TAKE
THE SHORTEST WAY BACK TUH
THE RANCH! WITH LUCK --
WE'LL GIT THAR BEFORE THEM
BUZZARDS CATCH MIKE
OFF GUARD!

WAM!

A HALF HOUR LATER -- AS DUSK SHADOWS THE RANGE --



DUDE -- WAIT UP!
I'M SHORE
I HEARD A RIDER
SOMEWHAR IN THE
RANCH YARD!

CAN'T FORGIT WHAT THAT KID
SAID, EH? BETTER GIT A GRIP ON
YORESELF, HANK -- MEBBE IT'S
OL' MAN HARNEY -- SASHAYIN'
AROUND WITHOUT HIS HEAD!

THEN -- FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION --



CAN'T FIGGER WHAR
MUH BRONC'S HEADIN' --
BUT WE MUST BE
PURTY CLOSE TUH
THE HOUSE!

WAL, I'LL BE
JIGGERED! LOBO'S
UP TUH ONE OF HIS
HAREBRAINED TRICKS
-- AN' MEBBE IT'S TIME
I TURNED THE TABLES
ON THE YOUNG
SCAMP!



SO YUH WERE GOIN' TUH
RIDE TUH TOWN FER THE
SHERIFF -- HEY, LOBO?



IT TOOK YUH LONG
ENOUGH TUH GIT HERE --
AFTER LEAVIN' ME
HOLDIN' MUH HEAD
BACK IN THE
ALFALFA FIELD!

DUDE -- IT'S
HIM! OL' MAN
HARNEY'S IN THE
SADDLE -- WITHOUT
HIS HEAD!



GUNFIGHTING *in the* OLD WEST

IN THE DAYS OF THE OLD WEST, FRONTIERSMEN HAD DIFFERENT IDEAS ABOUT WHAT CONSTITUTED A CRIME THAN WE DO TODAY! FOR EXAMPLE, IF THIS TOOK PLACE...



MOST GUNFIGHTERS LIVED UP TO THE CODE THAT DECLARED IT A CRIME TO KILL AN UNARMED MAN OR SHOOT HIM IN THE BACK-- BUT A FEW DELIBERATELY VIOLATED THE CODE -- AND USED IT TO MASK THEIR MURDERS! FOR EXAMPLE...



IT WASN'T CONSIDERED MURDER THEN, BUT A MERE KILLING!

WAL, CASSIDY WAS ARMED... HE HAD FAIR WARNIN' AN' A CHANCE TUH DRAW HIS GUN-- SO I RECKON I GOT NO CAUSE TUH RUN YUH IN, BLACKWELL! IT WAS A FAIR FIGHT!



IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER FOR THE MURDERER TO PLACE HIS VICTIM'S GUN IN THE CORPSE'S HAND-- AND WHEN THE SHERIFF CAME...

HE CHALLENGED ME TUH DRAW-- BUT HE LOST!

HMM, HE'S SHOT IN THE FRONT-- AN' HE'S GOT HIS SIXGUN IN HIS HAND-- SO AS LONG AS THAR AINT NO WITNESSES TUH SAY YORE STORY AINT TRUE, I RECKON YUH'RE CLEAN!



IN THE RUGGED DAYS OF FRONTIER LIFE, THERE WERE **MANY** TIMES WHEN A MAN WENT TO HIS GUN...

BLAST YUH-- I SAW YUH DEALIN' FROM THE BOTTOM O' THE DECK!



NOR WOULD ANY **LOCAL** JURY CONVICT A MAN WHO HAD KILLED IN DEFENSE OF THE LOCALE'S HONOR!

YUP, I'M FROM KANSAS-- AN' I SAY THAT ALL YUH TEXANS ARE A BUNCH O' DIRTY, YALLER POLECATS!

FRIEND, WHEN YUH SAY THAT IN TEXAS, YUH'RE JUST ASKIN' FER **LEAD**!



BUT GRADUALLY, THE ROUGH AND READY CODE OF THE WILD WEST GAVE WAY TO A DEEPER SENSE OF JUSTICE! THE CITIZENS OF THE WEST SAW THAT THE LAW OF THE SIXGUN COULD BE TOO EASILY ABUSED-- AND SOON THE LAW OF THE COURTS WAS BEING ADMINISTERED WITH STERN IMPARTIALITY!

BUT... BUT IT WAS A FAIR GUN-FIGHT-- HE WAS ARMED, AN' I DIDN'T SHOOT 'IM IN THE BACK! YUH **CAIN'T** CONVICT ME O' MURDER FER THAT!

THE JURY **HAS** CONVICTED YOU-- AND I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD!



WE ALL SAW 'IM CHEATIN'-- HE DESERVED TUH BE KILLED! NO JURY'D CONVICT YUH, HANK!



'ATTA BOY, TEX-- WHEN WE TELL OUR STORY IN COURT, YUH'LL GIT OFF SCOTT FREE!



EVENTUALLY, THE WILD WEST BECAME TAMED, FOR MEN LEARNED THAT THEY WOULD HAVE TO PAY THE EXTREME PENALTY FOR GUNFIGHTING, AND THE PRACTICE DIED OUT!



You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-**SISSY** below
ARMED WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10¢**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES.
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE.

When I enrolled I was
a skinny, sick weak-
ling. As you can see
in my "Before" Photo I
looked like a child...
years younger than my
age. I was ashamed to
take a picture in bath-
ing trunks as I do now.
I was shy with girls
because I had nothing
to show off. A few
weeks after starting
the Jowett Course my
body was the best in
the neighborhood. Now
I get respect and ad-
miration from every
fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**
can be
soon!



Roger
Hirsch
before

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6 1/2 inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.

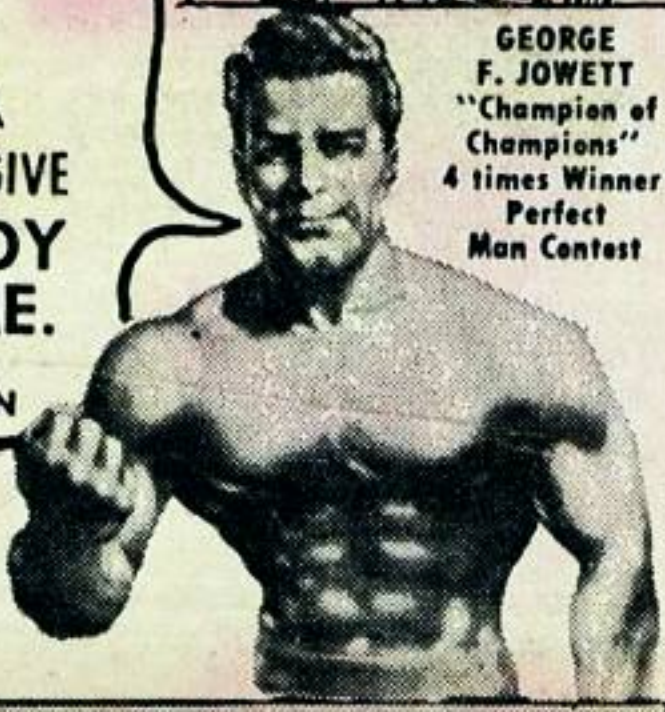
How to Build
A MIGHTY
CHEST
How to Build
MIGHTY
ARMS
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BACK
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GRIP
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PHOTO BOOK
HOW
to Achieve
Nerves of Steel,
Muscles of Iron

How to **BECOME A**
MIGHTY HE-MAN

GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest



Come on, **PAL**, NOW
YOU GIVE ME
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER
by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck
to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to
YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY,
SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't
cost you one solitary cent.

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**
Gain Pounds, **INCHES**, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way
known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my
"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways
fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like
champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail
coupon NOW!

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. AM-29

"Jowett Courses
greatest in
World for
Building
All-Around
HE-MEN"
—R. F. Kelley
Director
Physical

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Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

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Uncle Bernie's FUN SHOP

Buy Now at our Low Low PRICES!

Hi! I'm GINGER!
the Doll whose HAIR
YOU CAN WAVE!

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT

NEW!

only \$3.98

TERRIFIC VALUE!

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

A wonderful new doll in washable rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of . . . plastic curlers . . . rubber waving bands . . . waving end papers . . . plastic comb . . . and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real baby sister to play with.

NEW MYSTERY FISH-BOWL

AMAZING

What keeps the water in the loop?

IT'S NEW — IT'S DIFFERENT

BEAUTIFULLY MOLDED PLASTIC GYM

FISH SWIM THROUGH MAGIC LOOP

DECORATES END TABLES, BOOKCASES, ETC.

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

What keeps the water in the loop? Amaze and mystify your friends with this sensational new "mystery" fish-bowl molded from clear durable plastic with a scientific tube loop. Fill it with approximately 1/2 gallon of water as per our secret instructions, then insert two or three of your pet goldfish. You'll watch them for hours and hours as they frisk and frolic through the loop. The perfect compliment to any room. Decorates end-tables, bookcases, etc. Makes a wonderful gift. **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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COMPLETE NURSING SET

• She drinks; She wets!
• Washable Rubber Wonderskin!
• 22 pc. complete—dolly, nursing kit!

To thrill the heart of every little mother—this sensational 22 piece NURS-A-DOLLY! Cuddly rubber doll drinks, and wets her diaper . . . comes with complete feeding equipment — 21 sturdy pieces including sterilizer rack, nipple jar and kettle, formula measuring cup, funnel and spoon, and six bottles and nipples ready to use! Made of soft, life-like WONDERSKIN, you can bathe her, move her arms and legs. **SEND NO MONEY** (C. O. D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

Imagine Only \$3.98 Complete

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MEASURING CUP

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HE'S OVER 19" TALL!
MOVES HIS MOUTH,
ARMS AND LEGS!
REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids—here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist—in a jiffy! Imagine—you can make **HAPPY** the COWBOY actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—hear your own words coming right out of **HAPPY'S** mouth! See how real he looks—rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants. . . Show off your skill at parties—at school! **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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